

I own nothing. Just having some fun for a bit. If you enjoy, please review.

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Boredom wasn't something that filled his life at the moment. He was very busy doing work for Voldemort. His time in Azkaban did harm his public reputation but his bank account spoke volumes and he decided to buy up some very influential businesses that would help support other less affluent Death Eaters. Through economics he held more power than the Minister of Magic. His wife benefited and helped in the business for she had an understanding of business that was almost intuitive.

With this new power that they offered to Voldemort the previous visits to Azkaban was forgotten and the money made was used to further his plans. Lucius Malfoy was the most powerful business man in all of England and used his wealth with a skill that was tantamount to art. Smaller business were bought up and used to support his already growing business. He captured the wand making market, many of the ingredients that were used for potions. As he dealt with many of the imports he made sure to have a stranglehold as to what could and could not be brought in. The highly illegal items always made their way in for his benefit as bribery worked in business as well as politics.

He was in bed holding his beautiful wife, stroking her shapely breasts. She smiled as she felt her self growing warmer as her nipples grew harder and more sensitive. His face breathed in the scent of her hair and moved to her ear, caressing it with small bites. They already made love a short while ago and were preparing for another round. Narcissa turned around and captured her husband's lips with her own. Her hands found their way down his back and chest. She was happy with the effect that her hands were having on him. He grew hungrier for her each moment. Their petting and stroking grew more frenzied as they started to pull at each other. Lucius pulled his wife's hands over her head and entered her roughly, bringing pleasure to her as her face was a mix of pain and deep pleasure. Not to be outdone she forcefully turned them over with her now on top. Lucius greedily went for the breasts that hang down and nibbled on them as they moved in a motion that grew faster and faster. Each was trying to climax before

the other. It was a game they played, whoever won could ask a favor of the other without needing to give anything in return. Narcissa cried out as she climaxed first. She relaxed a little. Lucius moved her under him and rammed into her harder and harder until he eventually came as well.

They breathed in each other for a while and then Narcissa spoke. "I won my darling."

"Indeed you did. What is it that you'd like? More dresses or how about some jewels as there's a new shipment coming in, in a few days time?"

She thought a moment but decided she wanted something more. "How about a pet? Something to keep us both entertained. They would need to be trained, I know but you have such a talent for breaking them in."

He smiled, knowing what she wanted. They had one before the Dark Lord was harmed by that brat Potter. Now things were different and he wasn't watched under a microscope anymore. "What a delicious idea. Do you have anyone in mind? I know you do."

"This time I don't I thought I'd let you choose. You have such good taste." She got out of bed and prepared a bath. He truly loved Narcissa as she complimented him perfectly. When they first met he never saw the potential that was in her. Now with his influence and her talent with money they both became the most powerful wizarding couple in England. That thought alone sent pleasures through him. Her twisted cruel nature that at time could outdo him was a very pleasurable feature.

"I have a few in mind. I'll return in a few days time with your present. I'll be town today and will be on the lookout. If I'm lucky well have someone to enjoy after our meal."

His wife smiled at him then leaned herself into the bath and watched at her husband walk over and entered the bath with her.

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If you enjoyed, please review.

After taking care of some business downtown he decided to look for a new pet for Narcissa. She wasn't too choosy, all he had to make sure of was that they were a virgin, feared him and her and won't die easily. He walked in Diagon ally, looking at the many pretty faces that would suit his needs. Most were fairly common and oblivious to his intentions. A few of them nodded and smiled at him, taking in his good looks and wealth.

He entered a book shop remembering that there were a few books he had on order. As he inquired about when they shall arrive he spotted someone. He quickly told the shop owner to have them delivered and walked over to where the person was. He recognized her, yes, she was Hermione Granger friend to Harry Potter. Looking around she seemed to be alone but decided to use some caution before approaching her.

She was transfixed by some books and from the look of it they were just out of her price range. She checked and triple checked her change purse and muttered. Putting the book back on the shelf she went up to the till and paid for two smaller books. He followed her down the ally and was spotted by her. She turned and kept on walking. This was his queue to leave from her sight. He watched her look back and sigh a breath of relief that she didn't see him. She was perfect and was very much alone.

Hermione walked a little faster and decided that she wanted to leave. But she couldn't yet because she had to wait for Ron. He was meeting her. She entered the smallish but busy coffee shop and sat down to read. She had another hour before he would arrive and decided to drink some coffee, have a pastry and read the new books she just bought.

He had to move quickly judging by her constant glances at the clock, she was waiting for someone. She was not looking at anything but her book and the clock he used this opportunity to make his move. He ordered a pot of tea and two cups to be delivered to the table. He sat down.

"Oh, you're early—"

“Am I? I didn’t think you were expecting me.” She put down her book in surprise. “And what would a young woman like you be doing alone here?”

“I’m waiting for a friend. He should be here very soon.” She was curt and to the point. She looked around to see if there were more Death Eaters.

Her sudden burst of fear was not lost on him. “Such hostility. Have I offended you somehow?” The tea arrived and two cups. He poured some for both of them. It smelled really good. Part of her wanted to try it as they had some wonderful but very expensive teas as well as coffee.

“Teaching your son to talk down to muggle bourns is just one of the things on the list. I am sure you are smart enough to know what the rest are.”

If he was insulted he didn’t show it and reached out and picked up one the books she was reading. “Counter Curses and When to Use Them by Herrik Vasslov. I know the author, intelligent man. I could set up a meeting with you if you’d like.” He placed the book where it was before.

What was he doing? Tempting her in some way? It really unnerved her that he was being so cordial. She figured that he was being so due to being in public. “I have no interest in anything that you can offer. Any offer you make, especially to a muggle bourn witch like me will most likely end in my death.”

“Do I look like a common villain, Miss Granger? I’ll admit I’ve partaken in some rather unspeakable events but that does not make me commoner.” He drank some of his tea and eyed her to try some. She did and was surprised at the taste. She was never one for tea but found the taste quite to her liking. The aroma calmed her down and helped her relax. That in itself was unnerving considering who gave it to her.

“Enjoyable isn’t it?”

Hermione had to admit that he had chosen a good tea. "Yes, I am thoroughly enjoying it, thank you. But may I ask why you are showing so much generosity to myself? It isn't as if you respect me in any way."

He was studying her and found her to be more and more befitting what he was looking for. She has good taste so far and the ability to ask questions while angered without showing it. "To study you." His smile increased which only unsettled her even more. She wanted him to leave and for Ron to arrive. At least there was a shadow of protection that she was in public and he wouldn't harm her while amongst so many people. "I'll bid you adieu, Miss Granger."

Relief spread over her as he left the shop. She was a little unsettled and confused as to why he would ever want to talk with her. She decided as soon as Ron arrived they would go to the Burrow.

Shortly after, Ron arrived and was told of recent events and agreed with her that it was best they leave as soon as possible. "Did you get much shopping done, Hermione?"

"No, we'll get our seventh year school books in a few weeks with everyone else."

They entered the Burrow and were delighted by the smell of fresh baking. "Oh, Hermione I am so glad to see you. Aren't you two a little early from shopping?"

"Yes, Mum, but Hermione had a meeting with Mr. Malfoy."

"Oh, are you all right dear? Did he do anything to you?"

"No he was rather cordial and polite. That man just unnerved me a little, knowing what he's really like." She placed her books on the table and moved to help Mrs. Weasley with the cleaning but was told to sit and relax for a while. Ron was busy now, as he had forgotten to take care of the chores he was assigned this morning.

Hermione sat down and returned to the book she was reading. She looked at it and remembered what he said about the author and his

rather uncharacteristic offer. As she opened the book she found that something dropped to the floor. It was a necklace, small but very beautiful. From what she could tell it was made of a very expensive metal. Malfoy must have placed it in her book, she thought. She was sure it was left for her on purpose and decided to give it to one of the Aurors to see if there was anything wrong with it. She picked it up and instantly regretted it as there was a pull at her navel.

The kitchen disappeared and was replaced by a very wealthy decorated room. The room was made up with a royal blue and pearl white colour. The floor was marble but was warm to the touch. She heard a voice she only heard an hour or so ago. "Welcome Miss Granger. I hope you enjoy your new home." She spun around and saw Lucius Malfoy standing only feet from her. She reached for her wand but was snatched away from her before she could fire any sort of curse.

"What am I doing here?"

He looked at her, his face held a look that scared her. His eyes were exploring her making her feel naked and dirty. Stepping closer to her he reached out and played with her hair. She recoiled instantly and stepped back only to be stopped by something soft. Losing her balance she fell back onto a bed. "I see we are catching on."

No. It can't be. This was all a nightmare and she is still back at the Burrow. He climbed on top of her pinning her down. She struggled but found she was quite immobile in this position. He began to nuzzle her neck enjoying the fact that she hated every moment of it. His mouth was at her ear. "Now, Miss Granger I will ask you a question and it needs an answer for it will determine whether you live or die. Are you a virgin?"

She couldn't speak. And refused to answer the question.

"Enjoy making it hard on yourself?" He cast a spell making her immobile then opened her jeans and reached in with his hand. His fingers found the opening and slid two fingers inside and found it. She whimpered in pain as he pushed on her hymen. He pulled his fingers

out and smiled. "It seems that you will live after all. Explore all you want as you will be staying here for some time."

As soon as he left she heard the door lock. She got up and tried to find any means of escape. There was no way out that she saw. The windows were closed, most likely charmed so no one but the owners of the house could open them. Looking outside she could see she was in a vast estate surrounded by a forest and a very large garden that surrounded the place.

Her accommodations were very well decorated and warm. She never saw such wealth in her life. Every inch of the room was decorated with the most expensive materials. The bathroom was a little piece of heaven. It was something she would have died to have. But that desire was stunted as he knew where she was and why. Looking down at the sink she found a note.

Miss Garnger

After you have finished exploring, you are to take a bath. I will arrive at eight o'clock sharp. Keep in mind, you have no wand so be ready at that time.

Lucius Malfoy

No. She wouldn't give in so easily. She decided not to take a bath. It pained her not to as the tub and the whole idea sounds so good. She had two hours to decide before he came for her. Curiosity got the better of her and she looked at the many types of soaps that were offered for her to use. As soon as she opened the bottle she knew that she lost her resolve. Before she knew it she was luxuriating in the hot water and soaps. A huge pain of guilt filled her as her weakness overtook her. Soon her logical mind took over and told her that the owner of this bathroom and soaps knows how to use more dark art spells than she has ever read about.

At eight o'clock Lucius arrived and saw her sitting in a chair wrapped up in a terrycloth robe. Disappointment was written all over his face. "I was hoping I was going to have to tame the Gryffindor in you. We could have had so much fun. Sit down there and face the mirror." He

walked over to her very much like a cat that has caught his prey. His hands caressed her mane of hair with a few words and a spark from his wand her hair formed into a beautiful mass of curls that ended up shaping her face. He pulled down the terrycloth robe exposing her shoulders forming a cleft between her breasts. She felt cold metal around her neck. It was a necklace, crafted with exquisite stones and felt heavy on her. Next came the matching earrings that where heavy but didn't hurt.

Despite herself she looked very beautiful. "Oh we are not done yet." He had her stand up and she felt his hands glide down her stomach to the soft nest of hair. Something cold was placed at her folds, holding firm. She looked into the mirror and found a very large diamond dangling there. He turned her around and she felt the diamond hitting her and where the metal was holding her. Her cheeks flushed because her attention was drawn to an area that she didn't want to think about with this man around her. "Now we are done. Let me explain a few things to you. You are now my property as you are my wife's. You will always look this beautiful and be treated in the same manner if you behave. But after tonight you'll have little choice in the matter." He smiled and half laughed as she still held defiance in her face.

"Come my dear, the night waits for no one." She was led from her room into another that was much larger. The room was lit with candles, some stationary, others that floated. Lucius whispered into her ear. "Tonight, you will learn more about yourself than you ever had a chance before."

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Hope you enjoyed the story so far. Please read and review.

Hermione soon realized what was going on and what was expected of her. She remembered reading about it. A bonded sex slave. There was a ritual involved that bound her to those that she was to serve. She was going to be kept well and treated like a treasure as the magic demanded it. She would never be starved or beaten, nor would she ever fear a painful curse thrown at her. Her mind will still be hers but her body will be owned by those she was bound to. Over a thousand years ago it was considered an honor to be chosen as one for it was a costly affair and when bound you would live a life that even kings themselves would have envied.

She was placed on the bed and shook out of fear for she was lost now. Any thoughts of running were stopped as she saw Lucius take off his clothes. Hermione wanted to look away and made many attempts but found her self looking at the sculpted figure before her. His clothes fell away from him in a delicate manner and floated to the floor. Another person entered the room already naked and walked over to Lucius. "Narcissa, this is Hermione Granger. She's a good friend of Harry Potter. Is she not beautiful?"

The woman looked at Hermione and took in every feature including her shaking body. "She's perfect, oh Lucius what a wonderful gift. Do you have everything prepared?"

"Of, course." He walked over to a table and brought out a bottle. "Are you ready my dear?"

"For a very long time."

In an instant they were on either side of her. She closed her eyes waiting not wanting to witness what was taking place. Warm hands started to move all over her body. Oil was massaged into her skin. She opened her eyes and found four hands expertly rubbing the oil into her skin and massaging what must be her very tense muscles. They worked fast but in a gentle manner. They started with her shoulders and moved down to her chest. Then her stomach.

The hands seemed to be everywhere and she let out a moan of pleasure despite herself. She looked at Lucius who was very focused on his task as was his wife. Both of them moved so beautifully

matching their features. Never had she realized how truly sensual Lucius was and was equally surprised by Narcissa whose beauty radiated from every part of her.

She was rolled over and placed on her back, more oil was massaged into her skin. Never had she felt her body come to life like this before. There must have been something in the oil that was making her react in such a way. Any other time she would have been begging to be let go. More moans escaped her and she silently begged them to continue, not to leave her alone.

The request must have been heard for she was pulled into Lucius' arms and held against his chest. His hands caressed her breast as he pulled her mouth to his kissing her, tasting her fully. Her legs were spread apart and Narcissa reached her hand into Hermione's folds where moisture was found. Narcissa played with Hermione's sensitive nub causing her to moan in Lucius' mouth. "I think she is close Lucius."

"Be patient, she needs to want it. Your turn." Hermione leaned back against Lucius and watched as Narcissa climbed on top of Hermione. Her kisses were smaller and tasted her skin. The woman's breasts were soft and warm against her skin. Soft hands caressed her wanting skin and strong ones held her there. Her breathing became harder and faster. "Now, Lucius. I am sure she is more than willing."

They got into position. Narcissa sat up holding Hermione against her chest. Lucius spread Hermione's legs and positioned himself between them. Both Lucius and Narcissa spoke in unison. "Together we bind her, together we'll share her. Once the union is made the binding will contain her."

Everything from that point was a blur of fractured pictures. She felt hands and kisses all over her. There was a moment of intense pain but fell away as her pleasure was tripled. Never in her life had she felt anything like this. All she wanted was release, for the little death to overtake her. For a few moments at a time she saw two other faces that seemed to be in the same amount of torment as her self. Then release came and a sense of comfort filled her. She opened her eyes and found herself between two of them. She knew their names, their

horrid history in the wizarding community and what they could do to a muggle bourn witch like herself. She no longer cared anymore.

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When she awoke she found herself in a very unfamiliar bed. Then memories of the previous night came back to her. Shame filled her and pain as realization hit her of what had happened to her. She could smell them on her now and the oil that was used to seduce her. Tears were welling up and before she knew it she was in the bath scrubbing her self and relishing the scented soaps. It was then she began to sense them. They where near as in, in the manor but not close. She could feel their emotions. And from what she felt they were very contented. In fact she felt the same as them, though she shouldn't be. There was anger, shame and all that she should feel after going through an ordeal like the one she felt. But as she looked into the strange connection that was there, the more those feeling went away.

When she finally came from the bath she opened the wardrobe and found a very tasteful wardrobe. The fabrics were beautiful to the eye and to the touch. She tried one on and it suited her perfectly, fitting to her shape. Looking in the mirror she saw a young beautiful and sensual woman. The school girl was no longer there. The jewels she wore, were on the dressing table, kept neatly in a glass case. Next to it was something that she never thought she would ever see again.

Her wand.

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I really hoped you enjoyed the story so far. If you like it please review.

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Lucius ate his breakfast and smiled at his wife who was looking at him across the table thinking the same thoughts as him. Their son, Draco, rolled his eyes as he knew that his parents had a wonderful time in bed. He was grateful that his room was on a different floor as not to hear them.

“Draco, my son.” Here it come the mother/son talk. He wished she wrote it down on a note but she seemed to get some perverse pleasure out of humiliating him. “You’re getting older and will soon be more than eligible for marriage.”

“We’re not talking about this.” ‘The marriage talk, why couldn’t she just ask about his week and try to at least pretend to care. Probably another list of rich young women for me to look at. Like I care.’

“I have a few more names for you to look over. If there is one that you like I’ll set up a meeting to see your compatibility.”

“Fine, I’ll look at them this afternoon.” He grew aggravated and left the table.

“You shouldn’t push him Narcissa. He’ll choose eventually. If he wants to inherit the Malfoy fortune he will.” He smiled to himself, knowing those were the same words that he heard his own father use on him.

“I wonder how our little pet is doing?”

“You can’t feel her?” They both thought for a moment and read her emotions and they were the same as theirs, content. Lucius was very happy in his choice for a pet. She is a mudblood but that mattered little in the long run for what she was used for. Keeping a pet was an art form in and of itself. If they were taken care of and spoiled they would in turn care more for their owner’s welfare and needs. He learned that too late with his first one things ended rather badly in the end.

“I’ll be in town today with Fae Goyle. We have some womanly things to take care of.”

“I have some things that I need to do here.”

Narcissa gave him a smile and a look that said ‘I’m sure you will, say hello to our pet will you?’ She stood up and the plates vanished as they did with Draco’s when he left. She walked out with the confidence of a woman who is powerful in her own right and had the most incredible night of sex in a long time.

That reminded him. He wanted to see his new pet and explain more to her and what is expected of her. Draco told him that she was the mudblood that always seemed to get the best scores at Hogwarts. If that was true she was a perfect choice for a pet. The smartest ones learned and adjusted the fastest.

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Her wand. She couldn’t believe that hey gave her, her wand back. It was in her hand immediately and she broke down the door. Wood went in all directions in the hall and he rushed out as fast as she could. All she could think of was running away from this place. She knew Lucius heard the explosion and was on his way. The hallways seemed to be a maze, turning corner after corner seeing different portrait after portrait. They yelled telling Lucius where she was heading.

She eventually reached a dead end, turned wand out and faced Lucius face to face. His cold eyes looked into hers with amusement. “Are you going to curse me? It will cost you. Go ahead it will be the only time you will ever want to.”

Oh, there was anger in her and in her mind she wanted nothing more than to see him in pain for what he’s done to her. The words where there ready to go but something stopped her. He stepped closer to her and took the wand from her hand. His hand grabbed her wrist and she calmed down. She could feel the anger at her but that too was subsiding the longer he held her. “What did you do to me?”

"That, I will explain to you. Come with me and we'll have a chat." He wasn't cross and the steel that was in his voice vanished. There was actual tenderness there.

They entered a drawing room where some breakfast was ready for her. There was a sense of familiarity now between them.

Hermione studied his features and the subtle movements that made him a Malfoy, even those that were separate from his son. Never had she noticed how refined and rehearsed his actions were before. He noticed her studying her and smiled. "Alicia did the same thing. The previous pet I and my wife kept."

"Don't call me a pet. Slave would seem more fitting." She didn't recognize her voice. It seemed to come out smooth and refined not unlike how a Malfoy would speak.

He continued as if she never spoke. "She was bound to us in body and mind and we, to her. The bond made her sensitive to us and our physical and emotional needs. Alicia wanted to curse us as you wanted to, to me. She made sure we were taken care of, caressed us and eased our thoughts when we needed. Never did we ask anything of her as she preceded us with our needs." He smiled at her reveling in the past and then at Hermione whom he knew would do the same things willingly and wantonly. "I never took care of her. Her emotions mattered as well her needs. The bond shattered ending in her eventual death causing a tear in Narcissa and my self.

There was regret there and she felt it gently pull at her. She caught herself almost reaching over to him wanting to take that emotion away to ease it. To her great relief she held back and sat there.

"I now understand what it is to be bound in such a manner. You'll soon forget or not care about your friends and family. If Narcissa and I were to die you would never be able to become close to anyone ever again. As part of you would die with us."

Thoughts of Draco went through his head. She felt them and suddenly became aware of a family dynamic that was at play.

It was explained to her that she would never be cursed or harmed in any way. Her clothes, jewels will be hers to own. After some time she will have free reign on the grounds to walk and explore. She was told to leave if she wanted he never stopped her. The farthest she got was the front door. There was part of her that wanted to stay, told her not to go. Her mind went foggy and she walked back and searched for Lucius. She found him in his study working on some paperwork having to do with his business.

Walking behind him she studied his features, the way he smelled and the shape of him. Her hand gently massaged his shoulders that where tense but quickly relaxed as she continued. Her mind became clearer but, a feeling came over her that wanted her to continue further.

He leaned back in the chair he was in and smiled. Yes, she was indeed very smart the binding works faster if they were. He wanted her, needed her but wanted to savor her now, slowly as the binding was too quick for his liking. As if reading his thoughts she slowed down and began to reach in his shirt, unbuttoning it. The chest was well toned and smooth.

Heat was building up in her as it was in himself. She moved around to the front facing him and straddled herself on top of him. She looked at his face, reached up and felt the features of his face, neck and chest. His eyes growing more and more hungry for her each movement. The top was removed and she began kissing his neck and chest, seemingly knowing where to go to please him. He moaned softly and breathed faster as he longed for her more and more and grabbed her to him. His mouth was at her ear. "Strip for me Hermione, slowly."

Pulling herself away she stood up and place one foot between his legs. Felling him and teasing him with her toes. Bending down a little to allow him view of her ample cleavage she reached under her satin dress and undid a garter and pulled a silk stocking down her leg under her foot. Her hand gently caressed where her foot was teasing. She repeated the process with the other leg and was rewarded with a bulge that was forming and that would become very uncomfortable for him soon enough.

Her hand pulled up one side of her dress as the other began to pull down her knickers. Her hand holding the dress up slid down with her underwear. His eyes traveled down with them luxuriating in her long silky leg and skimming a look at the triangle of hair that he would soon be exploring. She turned around and undid the front lacework and pulled the dress off her shoulders. Her arms glided out of the dress and it fell to the floor giving him full view of her backside. She turned to face him covering her breasts but pulled against them showing their volume to him. Her free arm reached into the air and the second arm followed allowing her breasts to fall into place. None of this was lost on him.

Lucius stood up and wrapped his arms around her, stroking her back, touching and tasting her skin. She fell back allowing him to support her and kiss her neck and breasts. This time she moaned breathing faster and feeling well prepared for him as the heat began to rise between her legs. He was in pain now and the constraint upon him was growing. On cue she reached down and rid him of his discomfort. It was then she realized his hunger for her.

They were completely naked on the floor. He pinned her down exploring her mouth, her breasts that are now well marked by his strokes and caress.

He sat back a little. "Stay down my dear, and spread your legs for me." She did slowly and was rewarded with the knowledge that her need was indeed as intense as his. She moaned in frustration now. "Quiet my pet, soon, soon enough." He reached into her teasing her sensitive spot causing her to jump up a little. Reaching inside as he did last night to find out about her virginity, he found her quite rid of it now. But she was still tender as the binding shielded her from the pain from the triple orgasm they shared to create the bond.

He slowly entered her then began to move in a rhythm that she in turn moved and helped with. It hurt her at first but soon became pleasurable and the pressure began to build within her. They moved faster and faster trying to reach climax. Sweat began to form on her and drip off of him. The scent of sex was in the air and was thick with it. He smelled delicious, musky and a tinge of spice. Tears were in her eyes as she was so close but in her mind was told to hold back and

wait. A little more, harder it was. Then it came, the ending to her seduction. Their rhythm slowed as their orgasm ended.

After a few moments she was picked up and placed on a couch and felt her dress up on her again. She looked up and saw Lucius fully clothed standing above her. The cold demeanor that she was used to came back into his face. The voice was cooler now and she couldn't feel his emotions as she did this morning. "You can leave now, I have work to attend to." He smirked at her, turned to his chair and began working as if she never entered the room

"Bastard." She walked out of the room and to her own. The door was fixed, she entered and looked into the mirror. Her cheeks were still flushed from the sex she just had with one of the most despised Death Eaters in England. Shame filled her but she knew it would go away once she was needed by Lucius or Narcissa Malfoy. All she knew was that she was bound to these twisted monsters and would indeed serve them.

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Lucius sat back in his chair after she left. He wanted her still, again and again. But he held back. For the first month he had to remain distant and wait for her to come to him. After that time her role would be set and he could then ravish her any time he wanted.

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Well that was a little longer than expected. Please review if you enjoyed it.

Draco sat at his desk looking at the list of names that his mother gave to him to look over. He knew almost all of the names on the list personally and the others he heard of in passing by his friends. All of them had the same criteria, they were pure blood and were very wealthy. Those underlined were by his father. No doubt there was a business deal to be made with them if he chose one.

"Alice Pommey, bitch and ugly. Gale Goyle, his cousin has good looks but watching paint dry would appeal to me more. Harriet Garnet, whore. Julia Pance, same." He threw the list on his desk in frustration. His mother didn't seem to understand that he wanted a wife that was first intelligent, then beautiful. He had more wealth than he knew what to do with, so money wasn't such a big deal as long as she didn't come from the same stock as the Weasleys he would be happy.

He would have to choose eventually. His first choice was Pansy but his father outright refused. She fit the criteria but apparently there was something about marrying distant cousins for too long and that was the end of it. His thoughts came out of his mouth. "She's not a slut, nor is she stupid. Only around others." Which was very true when she wasn't in awe of him or trying to impress the boys in class. A real shame. Only if she were a little more like Granger. No, no, no, no, no he did not just think that. Mudbloods are far below his standards on any level. But the more he thought about it he did like that quality about her. She stood up for things and took the crap for it as well. Not many would.

He looked at the clock, four o'clock. His mother would be heading home soon and if found he would be harassed about the names. Perhaps a read in the library then spend some time on the broom will be good to kill some time. He passed the room where his father was working then went down the hall to the library.

There was a young woman there. Wait. He slowed down and took a good look from the doorway and found out that it was Granger. Not wanting to be seen he walked away to think about what he saw. She was one, not harmed, naked or in fear. Second, she seemed almost content being there. Polyjuice? No, there was no talk of that. His father would have informed him. What was it? He had to know before

she told him. Then it hit him, he was always good at putting pieces of a puzzle together.

He skulked back to the doorway again and got a better look at her. She was dressed in the latest fashions but not well enough to impress anyone. They showed her ample features to his father's very predictable tastes. He studied her eyes looking for signs of imperio but they seemed to be very clear as they were deeply focused on the book she was reading. All his thoughts were correct. Her parents collected her to be another pet. A very inappropriate term for what she was used for. His father always had different plans when it came to women.

There was nothing he now wanted from the library and he wasn't in the mood to face her, knowing what his parents did to her already. In his room he brooded for a while, actually pondering what he was going to say to Hermione when he finally met her or was introduced. 'Hello Granger, fancy meeting you here. Enjoy being my parents pet?' He grimaced at the thought.

In essence he respected her. He did hate her as one hates something that is seen beneath her but she was the only woman who actually challenged him intellectually besides Pansy, when she wasn't playing idiot, and stood her ground. He wanted to fight her in the end, test her talents and that was taken from him. What a waste. Bloody gits for parents. They bound her to that horrid spell meant for whores and half wits. Now she'll be bound and hindered by that spell for life. Or will she it?

He looked at the list of names again and began to study the interests of each woman and their education. There were a few that seemed to have taken an interest in spells dealing with healing and binding spells, not an odd combination in the medical world from what he heard. He threw down the list, questioning why he even cared for Granger at all.

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Hermione was now sitting in the library after her rather unsettling encounter with a man she would love to maim and even come close

to murder. There must be a spell that could get her out of this mess. There must be. It was as if this binding drained her of all her ambition. That was it. She truly didn't have ambition, she felt it and that she felt was the far greater crime.

There had to be an answer in these books to get her out of this situation. All she could find were very devastating results if she were released from the bonds that were made. For now she let that be but would need to find out more soon. From what she read so far was that the bonds became stronger as time went on. Soon she wouldn't want to leave no matter what was done to her.

Her thoughts were interrupted with soft footsteps walking into the library. Narcissa entered the library. When she reached the table and looked at what Hermione was reading she sat down. "We need to talk. I understand you want to leave, as did the last one. But there is no way out of this. You're bound now and you'll have to live with it." Narcissa took hold of her hand. Hermione felt drawn to her and began to feel the lust that the woman had for her. She tried to resist the pull towards her but it was getting too much. The feeling overtook her and she walked behind Narcissa and began massaging her neck.

Hermione began to feel what Narcissa wanted and moved her hands down and began to massage just above her breasts. "Undo the top part of the dress, my little pet." Young hands began to release the top clasps of the dress and was pulled down her shoulders. "Reach in and explore." Narcissa moaned as Hermione massaged her breasts gently then became more and more subtle at hardening the nipples.

Narcissa was about to order Hermione to do some more but they were interrupted by a knock at the door. "Mother, honestly. I am still in the house."

"Draco, leave I am a little busy talking to our new guest."

"Mother I know why she is here and I know what you and father have been up to the past day or so. I'm here to talk about the list you gave to me. I've made a decision."

Narcissa stood and did herself up. "We'll talk about it at dinner tonight." She left the room in a huff. Hermione stood still not knowing what to do at this moment. All she could do was brace herself for the flood of insults that were going to hit her.

"I'm sorry about this. This should never have been done to you."

If there was a way to make her silent Draco found it. She was totally speechless. He was apologizing to her and not gloating. After the shock settled in she spoke. "I don't know what to say. Can you get me out of here?"

"I can only assume you tried to leave and found yourself in a rather mixed situation. My parents needed a person in your position. But they didn't need you."

Now she was angry and confused. "Let me get this straight. You want someone in my position but not me in this position."

"It's rather complicated. And I'm not in the mood at the moment to discuss it with you." He walked away only to have the back of his head bruised by a rather thick book. He saw the size of it and was amazed that she could throw that hard. The book was at least seven inches thick. "Granger, I am the only person in this house that doesn't want to fuck you. It would be wise to at least try to be friendly with me."

"What is with this alternate personality? At school you're a bloody bastard and here you sound like you are actually concerned for me. Well what is it?"

"I despise you. That is the simple truth. But that does not mean I don't respect you. I wanted to fight you Granger, and beat you with magic. I wanted to use cruciatus on you along with a few other creative curses I learned this summer. Now I won't get the chance to best someone who can challenge me. Potter could of course but he is for the Dark Lord. Now you're chained up like an animal."

There was no way she could misplace the bitterness in his voice. His eyes looked at her with pure hate but not all of it was directed

towards her. He wanted her to fight him, challenge him. "Well I'll definitely challenge you if you can get me out of this mess your father has so delightfully placed me in."

"Not that simple Granger. Bonds are not made easily. You know this as I can tell from your research here. If the bonds were broken you will essentially be shattered. You will never be able to feel true emotion ever again. Two thirds of your emotions are attached to my parents. If they die or your bond to them is broken two thirds of you will go with them. My parents can curse the way they do for a reason Granger. I've seen it all of my life."

"You know how to break the bond don't you?"

"Let's just say I know someone who has bonding as part of her specialty." He finished and left the library.

Hermione found some hope. She was also very grateful that the bond didn't extend to him. For a moment at least she felt a little stronger and had a good feeling about things. Unfortunately for her she was to be sadly disappointed in a few days time.

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Well, long time in coming. If you enjoyed, please review.

own nothing. Thank you to everyone who reviewed. I am having fun writing this story and making it as enjoyable as possible. I like reviews and any comments you like to make. So at the end of chapter, please Review.

.....

Hermione was very grateful that she wasn't bothered for the rest of the night. She learned the bond didn't extend beyond Lucius and Narcissa. It was very shocking to learn how Draco felt about her. A worthy adversary and all that. Everything was so damn confusing for her and every time she tried to focus her thoughts something prevented her from thinking things through. She read the bond would do anything to prevent her from trying to break it.

This haze she was living in was driving her crazy. She was always the clear headed one, the one with the cool head and the nerves to carry through with the most stressful of situations. Ever since she entered this house her mind was fuzzy and easily distracted.

It was clearly dark out and she decided it was time for some sleep. She felt a little uneasy about something. She didn't bother to think about it, thinking seemed to hurt her at the moment. All she wanted was an escape from what was happening to her and allowed sleep to steal her away from it all.

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"Are you sure? It's too soon and if I knew for a moment who she was I would have killed her that night." Narcissa was pacing, fuming at the letter she just read. "This is the girl who is Draco's intellectual equal at school. You knew this and you bonded her to us. If she ever finds out how to use the bonding—"

"She won't find out!" He snapped back at her. "She's not strong enough even if she did. Especially while under this roof!"

"And what will happen when she leaves? Did you ever think of that? Two days time! Lucius she isn't under our control yet. Another week

and I'll be more comfortable. What do you think will happen if she fights back! We'll be the one's to pay for it as well as her!"

He snorted. "For a smart woman as yourself, didn't you know who she was the first night? Hermione Granger, best friend of Harry Potter and the brains to the Golden Trio at Hogwarts." His sarcasm would do Snape proud. "You had a chance to kill her and you didn't."

Narcissa became quiet. It was true she knew who she was that night but it didn't register until she read the letter that was in her hand. Keeping someone like her here was easy but that control this soon would be challenged outside these walls too soon in the bonding. "I wanted her just as much as you did. I'll admit to that."

"But you won't admit you like to break power. Man, woman or child. You knew who she was, how powerful she was and yet you went through with it knowing full well she wouldn't be kept secret for long. So don't blame me."

"So what do you suggest we do? Keep her here and make excuses when asked where she is?"

Lucius stood up and walked to the mirror. His wife was in the back ground shooting him with an angry and fearful look. Things were timed badly and that needed to be remedied. "Narcissa, we're forgetting we have one of Potter's closest friends. She can be used to our advantage."

"No, no she won't Lucius. We'll loose her and prey she doesn't get killed in the process."

Not wanting to discuss things further he stormed out of the bedroom. By the time he returned Narcissa was asleep. He climbed in bed next to her and held her in his arms.

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I know this chapter was rather short. More will be on its way.

A few days passed after his first encounter with Hermione in the library. Draco made sure to stay away from his parents' floor as Hermione was in their company most of the time.

Breakfast was being served as Draco entered the dinning room. His parents seemed a little uptight and they snapped at each other through the whole meal. This was an interesting turn of events. He thought that with a pet they would be more relaxed but something was wrong.

"Mother, I have made a decision."

"Not today, Draco. I need to attend to a few things. I'll be out all day." He got up and left the room. He didn't dare ask his father questions with the look he had on his face. There was something very wrong and he wanted to know what it was.

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Draco was blessedly free of his parent for a few hours. His mother was off running errands of some sort and his father was in England talking business in his office. Hermione was predictably in the library looking up spells about bonds.

"You won't find anything. Even if you did you won't be able to anything. The bond prevents you from casting the counter spell, remember?"

"I can always try."

He snorted and rolled his eyes. Sitting down on the desk he took the book she was reading away from her. "Nice, but it won't help. I looked at his one already. Most of what you are reading or read won't help."

"What do you want?"

"To help you get out of this mess?"

"Why?"

This wasn't Granger at all. "Don't you remember what we talked about yesterday?" He looked at her as if she was a child who forgot something that was just told to her two minutes ago.

"Oh, yes that."

"What is with you? You don't seem to be making your self at all? Right now you make Crab and Goyle seem intelligent."

"I don't know. I've been this way ever since I entered this house, I can't concentrate and every time I try and focus something distracts me. Perhaps you can tell me why."

He got off the desk to think. He was turned away from her and he was thankful for that because a realization hit him. Turning back he said. "I really have no idea. Father, could have used any sort of curses on you."

"Oh."

Not wanting to partake in anymore conversation with her he left and returned to his room. Something was going on and he wasn't one that like secrets kept from him. A nagging feeling came over him that something was happening tonight and his parents did something wrong. He decided to do some snooping, which could end up very badly if he was ever caught.

Upon entering his parents' bedroom he was surprised about how alien he felt in here. He usually stayed away from this room for he never knew what his parents were doing in here and preferred not to know. Walking into the walk in closet he found a small door in back. He opened it to find what he was looking for missing. Perhaps they moved them. It didn't matter, he needed to get out of the room fast as he heard a noise.

Before he left the room he found a paper on the floor. Upon reading it he instantly learned why his parents were so worried. Hermione had to be warned, told something. As he entered the library out of breath he saw his parents in full Death Eater robes, apperarte with Hermione who screamed before three pops where heard.

.....

Herminone was looking at books when who people in Death Eater robes advance upon her. He struggled but soon found she didn't want to. It as Lucius and Narcissa. "Come along. Believe me what ever you do tonight, don't you dare fight back or give any lip." Lucius spoke to her in a harsh tone. "You're about to meet the most feared wizard in England. My master won't be pleased if you don't show the proper respect."

Hermione screamed in protest just before they apparated from the library to a hall that looked like a smaller darker Great Hall of Hogwarts. The ceiling wasn't charmed to look like the sky, which helped give it a foreboding feeling. She was pushed forwards and out of her thoughts. Looking around she found that besides herself there was only Lucius, Narcissa and a cloaked figure in the room. The hood was pulled off to reveal one person she feared most of her life.

"Lucius, Narcissa I am glad you made it. This must be your new pet." He walked towards her and placed a hand on her face. Her trembling caused him to laugh. She could feel the power that radiated from him. Sixty years of practicing magic was written on him and the snake like appearance only helped to advance the effect.

At that moment she looked down and began to think, ignoring the talk between Voldemort and Lucius. Her mind was clear and she could sort out things better than she could in since she got captured. It was as if a spell had been lifted from her.

Her focusing wasn't lost on Voldemort who grabbed her face. This brought her back to reality, fast. "What were we thinking, little one? Ah, your mind is clearing up. The spell they have on their home is quite effective isn't it?" He looked into her eyes and searched for something. She couldn't look away no matter how much she wanted to. "I know who you are. You're one of Potter's friends. Interesting you would be in the company of the Malfoys." He smiled, finding all of this rather amusing. "You've placed yourselves in an interesting position bonding her to you."

Hermione's logical mind started to get set in place. She looked at the Malfoy's, who seemed very nervous at the moment. She studied Voldemort's character and the way he studied them. She wasn't cursed yet or harmed in any way. There was something she wanted to see and if she was correct it would be painful for all of them. "What are you going to do to me? Everyone knows I'm missing and will soon come for me."

Not two seconds before she finished she was hit with *curciatus*. It was the most painful thing she felt. After it stopped she noticed she wasn't the only one affected. Lucius and Narcissa were panting and recovering like herself, but seemed to have gotten a much smaller dose of the curse than her self. So that's what they were worried about. "I'm not broken yet. Go ahead, curse me. At least I'll know they'll suffer as well."

"Brave little Gryffindor. I could kill you now and send your broken and bloodied body to Howarts one piece at a time. Address it to Potter. That as you know would greatly hinder the usefulness of these two. Be thankful they are still very useful to me." He returned his attention to Lucius who was at least four shades paler than usual. "I advised you last time to choose a witch or wizard with less power than yourself. She's too smart for you. I'll need to take her off your hands and break her. These sessions will be done while I know you are not on an assignment for me."

She stood up. "I won't break! I'll die before that, you twisted snake!" She was thrown in the air and landed ten feet away. Voldemort walked up to her ready to strike her. He was caught off guard when she fired a stunning spell at him. Shaking it off quickly, he threw a stunning curse at her. She dodged it but wasn't so lucky as the second curse hit her. She dropped to the floor within a minute as she wasn't able to take in any air. After another minute she thrashed on the ground as her body fought for air. The spell was released and she took in huge gasps of air. After some time to recover she whispered some words to her attacker. "Go. To. Hell."

"My Lord, I beg of you. All she needs is a few more days at the Manor."

Voldemort turned to Lucius and sneered. "You should have broken her before the bonding. That way it would be permanent. She's a liability to you now. Look at her. She's adding things together. Your variation of the confoundus spell only works at your home. Nowhere else. She has to be broken while she's clear headed." He was clearly upset. A huge mistake was made.

Hermione gathered her strength and stood again. She held her tongue this time and went back to studying the three of them. Part of her wanted to comfort Lucius and Narcissa at the moment. That was the bond they shared. She resisted it but she had to admit it was draining her to do so now that she was focused on them and their needs. A part of her did a dance inside, finding out about the confoundus charm placed at their home. It prevented her from thinking. Anger filled her as she remembered asking Draco why she was so unfocused. He knew and didn't tell her. Bastard.

Voldemort was intrigued by Hermione. She was a strong witch for her age. The confoundus charm held her back making the bonding easy to be placed. He had plans for her. First she needed to be broken. "In one week she'll be returned to you."

Lucius and Narcissa appeared from the hall. Hermione instantly felt something tugging at her. She fell to the floor almost in pain. All she knew at the moment was that she needed to get back at the Manor to be with the Malfoy's.

Her pain was evident and was taking its toll on her. "Resist it. Refocus Granger." She attempted it and once again found she could stand. "You'll feel that pull for a week. I'll help you with it by offering you many distractions. It would be easier if you just gave in. But we both know you won't." He pulled her towards him and looked deeply into her eyes.

It hit her, he was reading her thoughts. She tried to resist but he was far too skilled than her. Images from the past few days played before her eyes. Her between Lucius and Narcissa, her stripping, reading books, Draco getting hit with the book, Lucius offering her tea, not having enough money to buy the books she wanted, Harry laughing

at her smoking hair. Her emotions were also being read. Her emotions kept coming up with Harry in mind. Then she was let go.

She was pulled back only to have to face Voldemort. His eyes were piercing and were delighted that they caused so much fear in her. She hated being this close to this man and wanted nothing more at this moment, than to be away from him. As if reading her thoughts he pulled her closer and whispered into her ear. "You hate and fear me. I know you better than your self. You have these barriers that haven't been broken because you willingly let them down when you needed. I'll rid them of you. If you simply don't resist I'll push harder until you'll use them for self protection."

He turned her around and held her tight against his body. One arm held her as the other ran over her body. "This will be barrier number one." At that she began to struggle and kick out. He held her tighter. This only caused her to panic. She started to scream. A hand was placed over her mouth to silence her. "Save your screams for this evening." He threw her to the ground, took her wand and before she could protest further she found her self in a damp dungeon. There was a small cot in the corner for her to use and a shabby blanket. She sat on the cot and wrapped herself with the blanket and started to cry. All she could hope for was that he would be rescued. That small hope that she had when Draco wanted to help her vanished. Soon sleep overtook her.

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So what did you think? Please review. This story is far from complete. And there are a few more twists and turns coming up.

I own nothing. Sorry for the long wait for an update. But here I am. Don't worry there is more on the way. Also I still have no idea where this story is going.

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Draco was sitting in the library waiting for his parents return. So much of his future depended on what happened this evening. If Hermione dies, his parents will never fully survive the ordeal and he would quickly take on far too much responsibility he was never raised to handle. That thought sunk in and began to sober him up a lot.

All he could do was wait for his parents to arrive. The whole time he was seething with contempt. His parents didn't prepare him enough for the responsibility to handle their selfishness. He swore to himself that he would do what ever it takes to remain whole during his marriage, no matter what bitch he was forced to procreate with.

While reading a book on bonding his parents returned. He saw their temper and quickly hid amongst the book stacks before they knew he was there. After living with them for so many years he learned the ability to hide fast and efficiently.

His mother was the first to speak. "What are we going to do? That bitch wasn't broken and we'll suffer for it. How could you not break her beforehand?"

"It will be dealt with. He'll break her and return her to us."

"Are you so sure?"

"Yes!"

Narcissa was furious and her temper showed, a rare experience for her calm demeanor was legendary. "She will be punished and we will suffer for it. I saw it in her eyes, she is a survivor Lucius. The Dark Lord will take her time with her. She won't fully break, never!"

"She's a mudblood, for Merlins' sake! She'll break."

She calmed down in an almost defeated tone. "Oh, Lucius. Don't tell me you truly believe that mudbloods are that weak. Hermione is stronger than that. She showed bravado before a wizard we practically worship. It. Will Take. Time. And we will suffer for it."

"Let it be. We are worth more to the Dark Lord than a simple mudblood."

"Oh, how you've fallen. She is a tool that can be used against us. And he will, you just wait." She stormed out of the library in an instant. He followed not to long after. Mostly to compose himself.

Draco stepped from the shadows to ponder upon what he had witnessed. Things seemed to go from bad to worse. Hermione at this point was the only way that his parents were able to survive and he was beyond angry with them that they allowed themselves to become so weak.

He knew the bond couldn't be broken and his parents would be soulless creatures, bickering and fighting until Hermione returned to them. Two trained death eaters needed souls to keep alive. It was hard but at this point he had to plan his life around the fact that his parents were already dead.

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Hermione didn't sleep much but tried to as she knew she would be put through an ordeal soon enough. Her broken dreams were interrupted by bouts of wanting to return to the Malfoys. It wasn't something that she thought she could crave but she wanted to be near them, have them hold her, caress her in any way that they choose. Her mind studied as it always did and told her that it was part of the bonding.

Her reasoning did little to help her with the fact that she was in such longing, a pain she had no concept of and it tore at her. In her dreams she didn't imagine Hogwarts but the deep passionate kiss of Lucius, his hands caressing her and holding her breasts and pinching her nipples until they were hard. Narcissa was there holding her with her hand between her legs preparing her for what was going to

happen next. Lucius pulled her towards him, her breasts pressed against his chest. Orgasm was so close. She was almost there.

Little did she know there was a figure watching her from the shadows of her cell. He watched her moan and caress her breasts in a manner that she would imagine someone else caress her. One hand reached down between her legs, pulling up her dress to reach the desired destination. She breathed harder and soon found her climax.

Hermione woke from her dream after moaning loudly enough. It was then she noticed that someone was witness to her passionate dream. She quickly sat up on the cot and pulled down her dress skirts for modestly sake.

“My dear, modestly after what I witnessed? Who were you thinking of?”

She was so ashamed at the moment and would welcome death if it was an option for her. But she wouldn't cry, not over this.

Voldemort laughed at her innocence. That was the simple truth. She was very innocent in the matters of carnal pleasures. He could tell that, that aspect of magic was unknown to her but was smart enough to learn very quickly. He walked towards her and didn't say a word to her. He pinned her down and reached between her legs, which were moist. Not recent either, it was moisture built up for hours. He brought his fingers to her mouth and forced them into it.

Hermione's first reaction was to refuse but she relaxed after realizing he wasn't harming her. His fingers held a heady salty taste. It was her self that she tasted.

His hands began to caress her stomach then moved to her breasts. He tore the fabric away in an instant leaving her exposed to him. The cold air began to harden her nipples quickly. She made a notion to speak but was quickly silenced with a hand at her mouth.

Voldemort smiled at her fear and her revulsion. He knew Lucius and Narcissa could do anything to her and she would never break. In fact she would welcome any touch or attention they bestowed upon her.

His hands were foreign to her and were unwelcomed. Each movement upon her was a violation.

He moved to a sitting position on the cot and he pulled her up and forced her into a kiss while caressing her breasts. She was helpless in his arms and did what she could to push away and screamed while in the forced kiss. This only made him more aggressive and began to tear more of the dress away. By the end of the kiss only the skirt of the dress remained intact.

He stood up watching her reactions and the flash of anger in her eyes. In them he saw not only her anger but her determination in keeping control of her emotions. The pull of the bond was taking over her again forcing her to close her eyes in concentration. Swallowing she opened her eyes and looked straight at him with anger but also a plea to help end the twisting that was the bond.

As he looked at her, neither saying a word to the other, he became angry that such a determined and strong witch as herself has been forced into such a wasted bond. Lucius' vanity was out of control and this young woman was now a perfect leash to reign him and his wife in. He would break her to serve his own manipulations.

"Stand up." She did, although very, very slowly taking her time. She was taking his order and making it her own. Cleaver little bitch. "Take the skirt off." Once again she took it off very slowly and let it fall to her feet. "Reach in and start pleasuring yourself. Slowly."

This time she stalled and looked at the floor. "Please, I can't." This was too personal for her. The kiss and his harsh caresses were more welcomed than this.

"You can't? Oh I believe you can. Think of the bond and pull from it."

Her eyes looked into his waiting for some punishment but found none. He was simply studying her. The bond was there and she struggled not to let it fully control her as she wanted to be as on guard as she possibly could. As she thought about the bond her body became warmer and an urge was beginning to over take her. Her breathing became heavier causing her chest to rise and fall. A hand was

reaching down to where she was instructed to reach but stopped. “No, I won’t do this. I am not that weak.”

She flinched as he stepped towards her. “There is a difference between weakness and intelligence. You showed strength but no wisdom.” With a flick of his wand she was tied down to the cot, hands and feet bound by invisible ropes. “You are controlled by your bond because you are ignorant of it. Some knowledge doesn’t come from books.” He was instantly on top of her kissing her, bruising her lips as his hands pinched and played with her body. Tears formed in her eyes as she felt something grow hot and hard between her legs. No, no that. He wouldn’t do that. Then he was in her and thrusting in a rhythm that was causing her body to betray her. He pulled back just enough to never let her climax and repeated the process until he was spent. She remained unfinished, tied and bound only thinking that she wanted him to let her finish.

“You didn’t participate, you also didn’t take any form of control and now you are left here wallowing in your torments. That is why you are a victim. I’ll see you tomorrow evening.” He left the cell and the ties that held her were released. She reached down and finished herself off quickly. At least that was one less torment she had to deal with. His words haunted her and she began to ponder them to see what he was truly trying to tell her.

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More will be on the way. If you liked, please review.

First I want to apologize for the way too long update. I'll try my best to update more often. I had a bit of writers block with this story. Well as usual I own nothing. Here we go.

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It was two weeks later she found she could easily feel out the Malfoy's simply by thinking it. There was no longer the struggle nor the uneasiness of separation. She felt rather free with it as she held more control over her own emotions.

Voldemort taught her to separate what she needed from what was needed from her. During the two weeks she was raped, denied, beaten, cursed but in the end she drew upon the connection for support.

Voldemort stood behind her and held her close to him. She was full of static sexual energy, most of which was of her own creation. This was what she was trained to do in a way. She wanted to control someone with the power she learned. Voldemort infected her with a thirst for humiliation over others. He held a commanding presence and few could not be drawn to him over time.

She thought about Lucius all she wanted to do was control him, make him beg for her, lust after her more so than his wife. All of this needed to be done in a subtle way as not to upset the balance that was needed between the three of them.

"Your masters will be here soon."

"I'm not sure who is the master of whom."

He smiled at her. She seemed to have adopted some of his malice. "Play nice Hermione. You wouldn't want to be sent back here again would you? I won't be as nice. Have your fun but you must keep things in balance."

There was meaning behind his words. There always was. She learned early on that he was a man of many layers who did everything with purpose. He was using her for something as he was

deliberate in his schooling to make sure she was aware of herself. This contradicted what she learned before hand what she was supposed to be. She turned towards him.

"They made a mistake in the binding. I have my free will. They don't know that do they?"

"Well done Hermione. Yes, they repeated the same mistake, only you caught on." He spun her around and faced her. "Keep in mind, if they suffer you will to. So any work that brings them stress it would be wise to help out."

"Help you then? I am still loyal to Dumbledore."

His grip grew tighter causing her to yelp in pain. "I suppose another week here under my care will persuade you otherwise, or perhaps a month."

"No. I will not betray my friends! Let me go!"

He did, throwing her to the floor and cursed her with crucio. She was screaming and two other faint screams where heard behind the doors to the room. He released her from the curse. "You hear that? You must feel it. They felt your pain. I'll allow you to speak with them first. Then I'll speak with you again to see if your temperament hasn't changed."

Lucius and Narcissa walked in to find Hermione on the floor. She looked up at them to gage whether they would harm her or not. They looked worried.

"Hermione are you alright?" Narcissa picked her up from the floor and held her. It was a strange feeling to have someone show concern for her.

"Yes, I'm fine now." She was. Hermione was pulled towards them and held onto Narcissa embracing her. "I angered him."

Luicus who still held the steel face she was used to spoke next. "What did you do to deserve his anger?"

"He felt I wasn't obedient enough towards him." There was no way she was going to let it out the true reason. This seemed to be the only information that was needed to appease Lucius' curiosity.

"Next time, obey him. It is much easier that way, for all of us. What ever order he gave you, you must obey it. You are a pet, little more than a house elf and you will do as you are told."

Hermione was angry and the emotion was shared by Lucius. He was not used to being struck with cruciatus nor was Narcissa. She was more shaken than angered. Here is where the games began. Hermione bowed her head and kneeled before Lucius and Narcissa. "I'll not disobey again. I'll take what punishment you want for me. I just want some peace." She held a haunted look in her eyes. It seemed to work for Lucius softened his expression and pulled her up into his arms. His mouth was at her ear.

"I'll take that as an apology." He let her go. "Narcissa we have to thank our master for breaking her."

"Indeed." Narcissa nodded and smiled but her voice held the uncertainty that only another woman could detect. "You go ask for him I wish to talk with our pet."

Lucius made his leave for the time being. "Well little pet, you've put a good show on for my husband. You are in no way broken and I want to know why. The Dark Lord has a plan. I can read it in your eyes. I am a woman who is more than skilled in facades to make things appear far different from what they truly are. What is it little pet?"

Hermione smiled back at her. "Who do you want me to be loyal to? Your master or you? Make your choice little pet. Your husband's ego is what will strangle him as well as his lust. All I have to do is show that I am broken or weakened with just a little attempted fight to break me further and he'll let his guard down around me."

"You will obey us, you have to."

"You or your master? I can only have one."

Clapping was heard in the room. Voldemort stood in the doorway with a smile on his face. Narcissa turned white with fear. "Good show Hermione. I never thought it was in you. So Narcissa you want to know my plans for the girl. Let them play out. I guarantee you'll have a front row seat. Keep your husband in check. He's been rather lazy with my requests as of late. I am sure a certain young woman would be glad to be of assistance." He turned to Hermione.

Hermione paled at being put on the spot. Narcissa pleaded with her eyes not to cross their master. That was the look that helped make Hermione's hard decision easier. "I'll do what our master instructs me to do. I know you'll never order me to do anything that would contradict his orders." Her face showed a young woman holding a small amount of power over her original owner and she was relishing it.

Voldemort stood next to her. "Well said, Hermione. So few these days show such dedication, I'll look forward to your work. I hear you were the brightest witch in Hogwarts. I look forward to testing out your reputation."

Lucius walked in then. "My Lord, I want to thank you for breaking the mudblood."

"None of this would have happened if confoundus house charm wasn't placed on her. You could have done it in one day if you only knew."

"Yes, My Lord. Thank you."

"Yes I know. Now I would like to speak with Hermione for a few more moments alone. She'll be sent out to you shortly." The Malfoy's made their leaves. Leaving Hermione to deal with the mess she helped create.

"You are quite the performer and it seems you like to play with fire. You're little hold over that woman will only last as long as I have use for you. If you fail to be useful to me I'll certainly break you and allow Narcissa to finish you off. She is trained at manipulation and has kept

many Death Eaters in line through that talent. Keep yourself useful to me and you'll have power over her."

Hermoine was well trapped now. What a mess she was in and now had to protect herself from a vengeful woman and Voldemort himself. "And if I don't have the skills or knowledge to help, will I then be threatened?"

"Taught. You'll take to the Dark Arts easily Pet."

She was dismissed and let to where the Malfoy's awaited her. With the portkey they were brought back to the manor. An ease settled on Hermione allowing her to relax and take in the fact that she was no longer in Voldemort's presence.

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Draco sat in his room waiting for his parents and Hermione to arrive. There was something wrong, he could feel it. There was no way he could help Hermione now after she was taken to him.

He hated that he felt this way for Hermione. All morning he questioned why he wanted to help her so much. At first he told himself that it was because he wanted his parents to be freed of this bind they were in. Now he was not so sure. Damn, damn emotions.

Doors were slammed telling him they were now back. He walked out of his room as if nothing was unusual. His father seemed pleased and held his prize on his lap.

"Draco, glad to see you. Have you chosen from the list?"

"Father, I have not chosen anyone. And yes I do have a few names I may consider."

"Take your time. Your mother is in a mood so she won't want to deal with anything like that for some time."

"So you'll be in London for a while then I take it."

“No, I’m taking a few days off to enjoy my little pet here.”

This made Draco rather uneasy. He hated that fact that his parents flaunted sex in front of him. To him it was tacky and as low brow and one could get. Never would he do things like this especially in front of any children or people he didn’t know.

Draco looked at Hermione and saw a contented look on her face and her eyes were very clear indicating a sharp mind behind them. She wasn’t broken. The Dark Lord didn’t break her only helped make her accept her fate it seems. Then there was still hope for him to help her. But that would have to wait until his father’s attentions die down which could take a few weeks or so.

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More on its way. Please R&R.

I own nothing. Well here's another update. I thought another Lucius and Hermione scene was due. Also a Hermione/Narcissa scene. So here it is. For those that don't enjoy mature sexual content, you are reading the wrong story. For all others enjoy and R&R.

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Lucius looked at the object before him. She was his once again. His wife be damned for all he cared. All his thoughts focused on enjoying his pet once again and to see how far she had been broken.

His hands held her close cupping her breasts, his fingers toying with her already hardening nipples. He listened to her breathing that became heightened by his ministrations. His mouth was at her ear nibbling it. "Show me what you learned my pet. Show me how obedient you can be."

Hermione smiled playfully waiting for this game to start. The greatest amount of control was always held on a wire. The hardest lesson she learned from Voldemort was that participation is the only option if one wanted to control the game. Lucius was a predictable man, vain, arrogant and power hungry. Image was everything to him. That is why he married Narcissa, for she gave him what he needed and allowed her to be what she was.

In a docile voice almost begging, she leaned back into him. "What do you want me to do? How shall I service you? I want to know." Smiling then she rolled down his lap her hands trailing down his stomach resting between his thighs waiting for his commands. Her face was a mix of seduction and anticipation.

Lucius looked at her and smirked at her. His eyes spoke to her that he thought he had won, she was his broken little mudblood whore to do with as he pleased. There weren't words enough to describe how much he waited for this, how much pleasure he would get out of ravishing her and having her beg for more as he marked her with his hands. Yes, he wanted to hurt her, mark her as his own. He reached into that link they shared and pulled on it sending her what he wanted.

“Anxious aren’t we? We’ll get to what you want later. First, go over to the fireplace and strip everything off, act as if the clothes are hurting you, tear them off as if all you want is to be naked before me.”

Hermione slowly pulled away caressing his thighs with her hands as she crawled to the fireplace. Looking behind wantonly at him. Standing she began to tear at her clothes, ripping them off panting in frustration to get them off as fast as he could. She scratched herself a few times and could feel the welts forming on her skin. As the last remnants of her clothes were torn off of herself she went down on all fours and looked at him. She rocked allowing her breasts to sway a little.

The reaction she was looking for formed on Lucius’ face. He gaped at her as his breathing grew more ragged and his erection became painfully obvious. Recovering he closed his mouth and gave her another order. “Throw the clothes in the fireplace with your mouth like the bitch you are then crawl back to me.”

For every article of fabric she collected she looked at him and smiled. She placed the fabric in the fireplace piece by piece, careful to take her time as she wagged her bottom at him while her face was in the fireplace. His breathing took on a more ragged sound but his outer image hadn’t changed making him look like he was in full control.

Once the last piece and thread was in the fireplace she crawled back to him and looked at him fully in the face waiting for the next order. He reached down and caressed her hair. “Lie down on your stomach.”

She did so spreading her legs as wide as she could in the process. Hermione knew this was affecting Lucius in a manner that would make him forget who was in control. She pushed aside her thoughts on how degrading this is, knowing that if she showed any signs of weakness he would ravish her mind as well as her body to the point of breaking her beyond repair. Looking into his eyes, yes participation does have its advantages. His breathing was heavier now and he had to stop and control himself on more than one occasion. He sat across her back and began to braid her long mane of hair. He took the ribbon from his own and tied the end of the braid.

“Stand on all fours and follow me.” She soon realized he made a leash out of her hair and was leading her out of the room. Following and keeping a pace that seemed natural she found herself in a room she hadn’t been in before. “Sit.” On all fours she did as told then waited for further instructions.

He walked around the room, going from one end to the other. He held that air of confidence he always had only this time he wasn’t sure what he wanted. Looking back at her from time to time he thought of something then changed his mind. Then he looked at a black box that stood on what appeared to be a dresser. “Yes, that will do quite nicely.” He opened it and pulled out a vial of clear liquid. There was a small cup he poured it in. Using his wand he conjured up a bottle of wine, opened it and poured some into the cup then placed it on the floor before her. “Lap it up my little pet.”

She let a little fear slip into her features. That only caused Lucius to laugh in delight. “Don’t worry, all will be fine. Lap it all up.” His erection seemed to have gotten larger and far more painful.

Hermione cautiously lapped up the wine and liquid. It took her some time to complete the task. Lucius used this time to amuse himself. He kneeled down and caressed her breasts lifting them up and letting them fall from their own weight, tugging at her. He explored her sex and reached in and found, much to his delight, that she was herself was very much aroused. She had to stop lapping up the liquid as his touch startled her and at the same time delighted her. It seemed the more she drank the more sensitive she became to his touch. His fingers reached into her and caressed.

“Keep lapping it up. Don’t you dare stop while I am playing with you. You must behave as if you are not feeling me at all.”

She had to use all of her mental strength not to show she was aroused or wanting his touch to continue. He caressed in her widening his fingers while the other hand fondled her breasts. She finished just before the brink of collapsing into bliss. The liquid she recognized was a rare and very expensive lust potion made to heighten one’s sex drive. To her surprise she was ready for this as drove that need under her control.

“What a good girl you are.” He pulled out of her and brought his fingers that were just inside of her to her mouth. “Clean these like a good little bitch.” She began slowly making sure that she would not lose resolve and break under the sexual strain. Her breathing grew heavier, more ragged. He smirked at her laughing in his usual condescending way. When she was done cleaning his fingers he pulled away from her.

“Done are we? Good. Now stand up and walk over to the bed and lie down.”

She did as was asked and saw that he was undressing. Right now her mind was reeling from what ever the potion she drank was doing to her. The potion also seemed to enhance the effects of alcohol in her. Her control was beginning to slip from her. No, she wanted to have some control, so she participated further. “M-master, please let me undress you. Please.” She moaned it out desperately in the most lustful manner she could attempt.

He stood there not knowing what to do. For he had not expected such an arousing performance from her. There was no way he could last longer if she were to touch him. His eyes spoke of his need, growing beyond his own control. She looked at him and knew she would not be allowed to do as asked. Inside she was ecstatic. This was the first move step she ever had over him and she was winning. She outdid him and lost his control of the situation. “Please, master please.” Her moans drove him further, his control of himself slipping away.

The self controlled aristocrat was now dissolved into a frenzy of lust. He reached for her, caressed and explored. In return she moaned out of pleasure, her hips hungering her him to enter her. He quickly let himself free of his clothes and entered her. His breathing was ragged and fierce. He was possessed by her now, ravishing her.

She relished the sensations that were doing through her and the control she held over him. This is what Narcissa could never do for him. She could never fake this type of submissiveness for him, no matter how hard she tried. Each moan Hermione gave, the more he gave into her. His mind reeled at the thought of taking her, denying

her requests. In his mind she was his to do his bidding and for that reason he would never have full control of her again.

They both climaxed. He quickly pulled out of her when he was done and left the room after getting dressed. She watched him leave and smiled knowing that he would be asking for her again. When that time came she would make a few requests, subtle but enough to enrage and arouse Narcissa.

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Lucius left the room filled with his own sated pleasure. He wanted to go and take her again and again but found he used all his energy in this one attempt. She was everything that he wanted, submissive but demanding in sating his pleasures. He knew his wife was feeling everything that he was and found she was upset with him.

He sighed and walked to their bedroom where he found her at her desk where she usually writes her letters. "Not pleased with me? I am not surprised I have been ignoring you." He walked behind her and caressed his wife's shoulders.

"Only me? You've been ignoring more than that Lucius, you need to be on guard. That bitch you brought here will be the ruin of us if we're not careful. I don't believe she was broken. No matter what display she played out for you."

Damn this woman, always seeing things that aren't there. "The Dark Lord broke her."

"Broke in more like it."

"Is there something you want to tell me?"

The hands resting on her shoulders held her firm. She would have to word her way through this situation very carefully. She smiled up at him. "You enjoyed her? Had her beg for you? I am sure she was a delight." Standing now. "Oh, I'm simply jealous because I haven't had the chance to enjoy her myself. You've taken her for me and never let me play with her. I like to see things for myself, you know that."

Lucius began to laugh in his high snobbish way. "Oh, you are quite right. I have been a little selfish haven't I? I am sure she can keep you entertained this evening. Just let her rest up a little, I seemed to have tired her out." Caressing and kissing her neck he pulled away and walked out of the room, happy that he and his wife were on good terms.

Narcissa knew what she wanted to do to their little pet. That young bitch tried to usurp power in Narcissa's home. The games shall begin. Rest indeed. She wanted to tire her out to see what limits she held. She knew very well the types of spells that Voldemort would have taught her to defend her self and control Lucius.

Walking out of the room she found Hermione asleep on the bed where she was left. The Pleasure Room. Oh and how it was. Every imaginable sexual desire could be satisfied in this room. They paid enough for it and she intended to use it. "Wake up my pet. I want to play with you."

Hermione woke up and looked up and the elder woman. She matched that gaze with the same intensity that was given her. There was no way she was going to let this woman intimidate her. Little did she know that Narcissa understood cruelty on as many layers as their ages combined.

"I think we both need a bath. Come with me my pet."

Hermione followed her to the adjoining bathroom. With a flick of a wand Narcissa had the bath water running and the soaps poured into the bath. The exotic smells teased and tempted Hermione. She wanted so much to walk into that water and clean herself. Narcissa undressed and entered the water. Her hair fell down and became soaked in the rich perfumed water. "Do you want to come in and play? I need an answer before I let you."

This game was one of wants and needs. There would be no superficiality in this game, all images would be removed. Who ever exposed the most would be victorious in this event. "I am sure a woman as smart as yourself knows the answer. But you need to hear

me say it don't you? I'll indulge you in this. Yes, I want to come in and play as you so eloquently put it."

Narcissa smiled and laughed a little. "Imagine what Potter would think of you now. How you pleased my husband so willingly. Yes, do come in and let's have the same amount of fun."

Hermione couldn't hide the fact that the mention of her old life stung her. She none the less walked in and enjoyed the water not commenting on the barb thrown at her. Energy had to be saved for the real mud slinging.

"My little pet, Draco has told me so much about you. How you study so much and seem to have kept the highest marks in school. Oh, you must miss your books and studies." Narcissa half swam over to Hermione and placed her hands on the younger woman's shoulders. Her mouth was at Hermione's ear half nibbling it. "Draco will be going back to Hogwart's again. His final year. Oh, that's right, you won't be doing anywhere. But tell me, do you really want to leave?"

Cold. Hearted. BITCH!!! Hermione was full of anger and pain. How dare she open up that part of her life now. Tears were threatening to flow. No, not now. No! "They must morn me and curse your master and you for what is happening to me. But you're not fooled into thinking I am so easily manipulated."

"We shall see. Now let's play." Narcissa pulled away from Hermione who was starting to become more aroused through their connection. The older woman sat on the step in the bath and slowly spread her legs. "A woman as smart as yourself knows what I want done and I am sure that you would like to participate. Be as creative as you like."

Hermione didn't know what to do here. Submissiveness was not required or wanted. Narcissa wanted Hermione to show some dominance. Hermione took some soap from the edge of the bath and lathered her hands up with soap. She smiled thinking of a way to outdo the old bitch.

Narcissa's legs were lifted over Hermione's shoulders. "A dirty old woman like yourself needs to be cleaned." Her hands caressed

Narcissa's sex and buttocks. The soap from her hands cleaned what needed to be cleaned. She kept stroking after the soap had long been used up. Narcissa started to breath harder enjoying the deepening feeling well up inside of her.

"You enjoy a mudblood touching you? What does that say about yourself?"

"Quiet and keep going."

"I'm a little tired now. Your husband worked me so hard." She dived down dropping the weight of the legs. As soon as Narcissa began to protest she felt Hermoine between her legs licking the aching nub. She reached down and grabbed hold of Hermione's breasts and caressed them, squeezing with more intensity as her climax was almost at fruition. She squeezed one last time and it was over. Hermione came out of the water out of breath but pleased. "Since we are being honest with one another, I must tell you that you are an easy woman to please."

Narcissssa looked at the younger woman and started to laugh in loud bouts of laughter. "You are quite the prize little one with that wicked tongue of yours. Not so innocent anymore are you? He never broke you, he twisted you. Soon my pet you won't want to return to your friends. You'll have changed so much that your old life would be a foreign one to you." Narcissa climbed out of the bath, dried herself off and made her way to her bedroom.

Hermione sank down in the water pondering Narcissa's words. She thought of the young school girl she was and all the hours devouring the books in the library. She saw the innocent eyes that looked at the not so innocent pictures of those pages, looking at them in a distanced view.

Harry and Ron entered her head and all the times that they spent together. Harry came to mind the most and wasn't so sure that he was prepared to face the man he was supposed to destroy. Then the flood of images of a man with red eyes came at her. It seemed that he was still on her skin; his breath was on her neck. Twisted, not

broken. She half wished she was broken, then she wouldn't have to care.

Two weeks with that evil snake faced villain twisted her and forced out of her an innocence that she loved about herself. That alone made her feel truly dirty in a bath full of the most expensive soaps and perfumes.

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Sorry this chapter was a little short. Please review. More will be on the way.

Well here I am again updating the best I can. This chapter took me a while to write. I'll admit it will take at least a week or more between updates. As stated before I own nothing, just having some fun. Thank you to all that reviewed so far. Please Review after you read this. Enjoy.

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Draco threw up what he could only imagine was what was left of his liver. The taste of bile filled his mouth after emptying his stomach from repeated trips to the toilet. He sat on the floor of his private bathroom looking at his image in the full length mirror. What he used to consider a pale complexion took on a grey greenish hue with blood shot eyes.

What brought on this bout of nausea were two messages from his mother, who being far too blunt for his liking. The first was of his marriage. Apparently his mother was in better moods and had decided to take it upon herself to arrange a marriage without his say. In a few days he would meet her then after he graduated be married to her.

The second message soured the taste of the bile in his mouth. The Dark Lord would seek him out in a month to ask him a few questions and to see if he is fit to join the ranks of Death Eaters. He looked into the mirror to find that young spoiled boy who was very eager to take the dark mark at thirteen. That boy went the way of the contents of his stomach leaving behind a young man in his wake who found his life being pulled from under his feet. And for the first time ever, he cried out of fear and self pity.

.....

Things were quiet here as Draco now attended Hogwarts once again. It was an all too painful reminder of how fast things took place. He left one month ago and she remained behind as this thing that was taken, twisted and placed into a world she was growing far too comfortable with. It was then that her memories of her other life came back to her. She was an intelligent witch that had plans, family and friends. While

reading her book tears rolled down her face followed by sobs of frustration.

Lucius entered the study to find her in her in the sorrowful state. "What is the matter with you girl? Get yourself together. There's nothing that should put you in such a state."

She couldn't take it anymore. Let Narcissa heal this one over and let him believe he was in charge later. "You stole me, raped me, cursed me, brought me before the most feared man in wizard history, he raped me, twisted me and threw me back to you to be used like some rag. I had a life!! Family and friends!! I HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN THEM!! Your bastard son is at Hogwarts where I should be now to finish off my final year!! What Lucius? Going to curse me? Hit me? I am bound to you for life!! Do you feel them you bastard? All my emotions, filling you now?!!"

"Stop this at once!!!"

"NO!! I am beyond lonely here. You should have erased my memories but it's too late for that isn't it?"

Both stared at one another, both doing their best to control the emotions that built up inside of them. Hermione could feel Lucius' anger and he, her resentments. If they didn't calm down they would have no idea who was feeling what.

It was Lucius that spoke next. He had to breathe before speaking as he realized what Narcissa was trying to tell him. She was only broken in not broken. He had to control her another way and from her emotional state it would not be that hard to do. "You feel loneliness. Yes, that is an emotion I and my wife have been feeling for most of Draco's life. The last bond shattered us both. I and my wife learned far too late to understand that to be as dark as the Dark Lord, you must lead a very lonely life. After we were shattered we found our abilities to do more of the darker spells far more easily and with more ease. We grew to enjoy our new found power and reveled in it. Draco grew up with us like that and he is what you see him to be today."

"You feel regret?"

"In that one aspect of my life only. What has been done to you can't be undone. The truth of it is that soon you won't care for them as much. After a year you won't recognize them. And to ask you, do you want them to see you as you are now? Could you walk into your old life as you were before, wear the school uniform and act like you believe the teachers are your mentors?"

The tear that fell from her face gave the answer away. She remained silent not wanting to answer him afraid he was telling the truth.

"What would your friends think of you? Would they understand or believe you? Would they pity you because you were abducted by the evil Malfoy? I can feel shame in you. You feel shame because you enjoy these games that we played and you enjoy playing them."

The overwhelming manipulation was washing over her. In reaction she lashed back. "What choice do I have? Be a servant or try to gain some form of control?"

"No, it's not that simple Hermione. You have changed. Believe you were unmarked by the Dark Lord? And that red haired brat, Weasley that you hung around with. Would he look at you the same way, and if he did could you handle his childish views on things? And the views of the other students?" He walked towards her. "You are not a child anymore."

The words rang in her head like a song, playing over and over again. It was true that he no longer saw her as some simple child, that only meant that he had to start using his fangs to control her. For she was too wise now for idle threats. The fact that she was no longer a child made him more dangerous to her. Hermione learned that his character was one to control women who are powerful. Children are played with.

She thought about the Hogwarts and the students there. Yes, it was true that they would never understand what she was going through, had gone through. All her female friends would talk about their first kiss and a lot of firsts in an innocent manner that would make her feel used. She knew Ron, as caring as he was would try to keep things

the way they were and try to forget what happened to her expecting for her to follow along. Harry would understand her and would try to help her. Harry would be there for her. He had to fight the Dark Lord before, had to face him and be tortured by him. There would be one person that wouldn't turn their back on her.

"I am not a child. True, neither is Harry. He wouldn't turn away from me. I have one person that would never turn from me."

"How sentimental. How would he feel after he saw you moan and beg under the Dark Lord? And that's another thing that comes to mind. You don't call him You-know-who, you call him Dark Lord like one of his followers."

"I've been infected by him."

"Entranced you mean."

Tears were starting to form again as she struggled to show her anger before her fear came out. "No, I am a victim."

"Who seduces and plays the part she was trained for? You enjoyed it. I could see it in your eyes as you seduced me when you first came back, reading me, luring me in. I felt your pleasure in it." He held her arms now and looked down at her. "You enjoyed the power game within it."

Hermione stepped out of his hold. "I enjoyed controlling you, yes I'll admit that. Not hard to control an animal where bait is sex and control."

"After having played a delightful little bitch yourself, yes I see your point."

She was shaking with anger now. There was nothing that she could do to stop her tears. The images of what she did and how she truly enjoyed it played before her eyes. Lucius sneered at her then smiled. "Oh are we realizing something? Perhaps, that you are a darker witch than you want to believe. That you want to be seduced by the darker

elements, for they challenge you and force you to stretch your mind in ways that the light never could."

"I'll never be forgiven."

"So it's true then. You want to delve further in the Dark Arts."

"Not so much that. I enjoyed being challenged." She was breaking now. Her guard was down and she could feel herself slowly slipping away with his words. It was easier not to fight. But she would anyway.

"By him."

She closed her eyes trying to block out the memories of Voldemort surrounding her, hurting her and yes, instructing her beyond what she thought capable for herself. In so short a time he molded her through teaching her. The pain she went through was rewarding in its own way and she wanted more of it.

"Yes, by him." Shame filled her now as she found herself breaking inside.

Lucius grew serious and made sure he had eye contact. "Take this bit of advice seriously. Don't fall too far under his spell. The Dark Lord knows many things except for the strength of the power he holds over others. I've seen many witches and wizards break simply by being around him for too long. He has had eye for young witches and wizards before, seeing potential and kept them far too long in his company. They all broke. Some broke by going too far in their studies, others broke from strain, fear, lust. Take your reasons but they all broke. Make sure that you no longer attract his attention. He'll be arriving here tomorrow to question Draco of his worth to become a Death Eater. Stay out of sight." By the end of his advice his face was grim with worry. The fear behind those words worried her.

"Does the Dark Lord show that type of interest in me?"

"Perhaps. Perhaps not. Tomorrow don't leave your room until I or Narcissa come for you. We'll make our excuses for you if you are asked about."

The air between them cooled as did their emotions. The spark that could have ignited into another afternoon of seduction was crushed with this information. Lucius was tempered because he now realized that Hermione was not broken at all. He cursed himself for his ignorance of that fact but he feared the fact that Voldemort didn't break her and he had no idea why. If it was true that Voldemort had even the slightest of designs on her he and Narcissa were in a great deal of trouble no matter what their worth. They could easily be replaced.

Hermione swallowed. Voldemort was coming to the Manor and she had no where to run or escape. This nightmare never seemed to end. She spent the rest of the day sick with worry and to her regret a fraction in anticipation that they may accidentally meet.

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Draco arrived in the evening with a few things with him as he would be staying for the weekend. He was pale and sick with anticipation with the meeting that he was informed of a month ago. All the rules were drilled into his head of how to act and what was expected of him.

"Ah, Draco I am so glad your back. Go and get prepared he'll be here in a short time." Narcissa was smiled and lightly laughed with her words. This was a sign of how nervous she was.

Draco simply nodded and headed to his room. Before he got to his room he caught sight of Hermione. "Hermione." She looked at him for a moment then retreated to her room without saying a word. "No, wait." He ran after her but heard her mutter a silencing charm on the room. "Bloody hell, now what I am I going to do?" He did want to talk to her and didn't understand her reluctance in hearing about school and her friends. He wanted something from her and needed to get into her good graces.

Retreating to his room he unpacked the few things that he brought and laid on his bed contemplating his possible fate tonight. His stomach clenched and the thought of emptying the contents of it

came to mind. Throwing up on the Dark Lord would not make a good impression. The thought passed as his stomach relaxed.

He jumped up hearing a few people arrive knowing that he would be expected to join them in a short while. Damn it all he needed to see Hermione. Without thinking he took what he wanted to give her and threw them under the door. A few letters won't hurt and there was nothing to trace them to him. Well there was his good deed for the year. Hopefully the Dark Lord won't read that in his thoughts.

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It was indeed an honor to receive Voldemort as a guest as he rarely visits the homes of his followers. Tonight was special as he was interviewing a potential Death Eater that was too young to take the dark mark as he was still in school.

Voldemort sorted out a few of his thoughts as he searched the house and sought out the thoughts of those that resided within. Lucius and Narcissa were fighting once again, Draco was dreading the meeting and Hermione, well he felt mixed emotions from her. He wanted to search her out further but that will have to wait as Narcissa was already there greeting him. The other Death Eaters that followed him were guided into the parlor.

Voldemort entered Lucius' study with Lucius entering a few minutes later. "My Lord, my son is waiting for your audience. Shall I retrieve him for you?"

"Yes, this time is as good as any." He never faced Lucius but mused over the collection of books that were on display were the Ministry were to come and visit. There were a few departments that had strong supporters for the light and they could ruin the public reputation of any Death Eater if evidence were found.

He recognized a few of the titles as he knew and killed a few of the authors over the course of his life. Some of the books were read quite often, some he found were never taken off of the shelf since they were placed there. His hands glided over the books and recognized an energy. A young woman's energy that was here a short time ago.

He focused on the particular books that caught her attention and soon found a connection. Bonding. "Looking for a way out are we? It's there my dear girl but not in the books that you've been reading."

A knock at the door announced Draco. The young man entered walked towards Voldemort and then bowed, his head touching the floor. He was not to get up until told to do so. Voldemort walked around the young man probing his mind for this and that. There was some resistance when he searched memories of more private matters. There was something else, a good deed he did not want discovered, something recent.

"Tell me about the letters. Who did you give them to?"

"Letters? Yes, they were given to Hermione Granger."

"What information did they contain?"

"Things from school and those that knew her I suppose. I never read them."

Voldemort nodded considering what may come of this. He probed the young man's mind once again and searched for memories of Draco and Hermione together. It was a puzzling thing to put together. "Why do you have an interest in freeing the girl from your parents bond? They would suffer for it in the end."

Draco thought for a moment wondering how to answer this, for his reasons were complicated. "I wanted to find a way to break the bond without affecting my parents. She is a risk to them if she were to die."

Ah, a boy that loves his parents. Simple at best. "But in the end were do your loyalties lie young Malfoy? Would you be willing to shatter your own parents to help further my cause?"

He could feel the dread off the boy and the concentration it took to come up with an answer. "After taking your mark I will do what is necessary to further your cause."

Voldemort's shoes were next to Draco's head. "How long have you been rehearsing that answer I wonder. Get up." Walking away he returned his attention to the bookcase he was at before. Draco stood up with his eyes downcast. His heart was ready to leave his chest. "You have no interest in taking the dark mark." He turned to face Draco who turned white. "Leave my presence at once!"

"Please My Lord! I do, I have since I was a child. Let me prove my loyalty." Draco was down on all fours at Voldemort's feet begging. "Test me."

"I'll consider it. Now leave!"

"Thank you My Lord." Draco stood and walked out of the room. He walked slowly to his room and closed the door behind him. The bathroom wasn't close enough and he emptied his stomach. He cleaned it with a simple charm. He was a mix of emotions, part of him was grateful that it showed that he didn't want the mark the other shuddered at the consequences of such a decision.

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The letters slid under the door and she picked them up hesitantly. They were from her friends at school. At that moment two overwhelming thoughts came to her. One to rip them open straight away the other to wait for a less stressful time to savor every word written down. The latter one over and she put them on her desk to read for later.

All the books she had in her room she already read. Chiding her self for not thinking ahead of time to get a few new ones she decided to make an attempt to go to Lucius' study and get a few very quickly. It was only about thirty seconds away and she knew just the book she wanted and where it was. Yes, she'll do that and then take a look at the letters. She slowly opened the door and looked outside to make sure there was no one out in the hall. Holding her wand for the first time in a long time she walked down the hall to the room that she was seeking. She made sure that her steps were not heard with a silencing spell. To her great luck the door to the study was open and there was no one there.

Voldemort felt a presence in the hall heading towards the study. He easily found out it was Hermione and smiled at the prospect of seeing the fear in her eyes again. A concealment charm hid him as she walked into the study.

She saw the book she wanted. With great care she reached up for the book only to have a white hand cover hers and a shadow surround her.

"I don't believe you'll enjoy that one so much." He pulled down another book and handed it to her. "This, will suit you so much better."

She held the book that was handed to her and pulled away keeping her eyes cast down. "Thank-you, My Lord."

"Look at me Hermione." She looked up at him. "You seem very well adjusted here. I trust my lessons have proven useful."

"Yes, My Lord."

He studied her and soon she felt the all too familiar pressure on her mind as he scanned her memories. "Yes, you seem rather comfortable here now. Boredom seems to have made its way into your routine. I also see you have matched Narcissa at her game." The laughter was light and amusing.

She couldn't breathe as a hand held her throat. His face was impassive and unreadable. She stopped struggling and let herself be held as she started to feel dizzy holding on to what ever strength she had to remain conscious. Just before she was about to pass out she was let go and was observed with the same impassive look as before. She did manage to stand but coughed as she massaged her throat.

"You learn quickly."

"Thank-thank-k-you My Lord." She bent down to pick up the book she dropped only to have it handed back to her.

"This was supposed to be your final year at Hogwarts, was it not?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Such potential being wasted away. Your education should be continued." He was baiting her and she remained silent. "I found out from young Malfoy that he gave you some letters. Do tell me what they contained."

"I haven't read them yet." She looked down once again fearing that now she would not have that chance. The desire in her to know what was going on pained her.

"Get them for me."

Hermione left the study and headed towards her room. She threw the book on the bed and picked up the letters. A thought came to her to open them up now and read them before they could be taken away from her. Why hadn't she read them straight away? Open them now? No, she'll be more than punished and possibly have her mind obliterated afterwards so reading them would do no good anyway.

She walked back to the study looking for Voldemort and found him sitting in an armchair by the fireplace. The doors closed and locked by themselves. The fireplace held a fire and he gestured for her to come over and sit down. She sat across from him and handed him the letters that he asked about. He opened Ginny's letter first and read it saying nothing and giving no emotion for her to read on his face.

Dear Hermione,

I hope you are alright. We've heard the rumors about what has happened to you. The ministry is looking for you and we are so worried. Draco promised to get these letters to you for a deal. The ferret did this to get the quittance cup. Harry helped to loose two games so far. It's alright. Small price to get these letters to you.

First I want to let you know I will never judge you no matter what you are forced to do. If what is said is true and you had to face You-

know-who I understand if you do things that are against your character. Remember I was seduced by his younger self from the diary. Do all that you can to stay out of his presence. If you do anything out of character I will be the first to defend you.

Ron is worried sick as is everyone. He started a fight with at least five slitherins at once and did them a good deal of damage to defend your honor. Harry is worried of course but I'm sure his letter will tell you more of what is going on with him.

The letter continued on after that with school things and other teenage drivel he had no interest in knowing. So this was the young woman that his younger self got to open the chamber of secrets. How interesting. Out of curiosity he would like to meet her some day then kill her for not dying the first time round.

The second letter was the one that interested him the most.

Dear Hermione,

I'll be blunt and to the point. I know what had happened to you. Voldemort has been sending me images in dreams about you. Don't give up hope. This may also seem like strange advice but don't disobey him. I mean it. He'll get inside your head, and you'll have to let him. But there is a way to keep him at bay. While you feel yourself being invaded think of all the things that bring love to your mind. That is his main weakness, that is what has helped keep me alive for so long. The bond you share with the Malfoy's is also your protection. I am sure you realized this by now. Don't try to break it. You'll be safe as long as you are connected to them.

Everyone is looking for you and trying their best to locate you and bring you home. I look forward to seeing you again, I know I will.

Love,

Harry

His advice was interesting and well spoon fed by Dumbledore no doubt. He looked over to Hermione whose expression was sullen and

full of disappointment. She wasn't looking at him but staring into the fire, waiting. Ginny's letter was safe enough as was the letter from her parents. They seemed like simple muggle people, concerned and held no idea what was happening to their daughter. He threw that letter into the fire.

"No!!!" She instantly reached for it but was thrown back into the chair, immobilized.

"From your parents. You are better of forgetting them. They have no idea what has truly happened to you. Unless you want them to become educated I suggest that you leave that letter there."

She looked up at Voldemort with pure hatred. He only smiled at her as her anger was that of a child. She had yet to learn that anger came from a much deeper place where there was no room for sadness. Eying the other letters he sat down once again and pocketed them. There was too much information for her to have at this point. Hermione was a brilliant witch that would put all the facts together and he wasn't done with her yet. At the moment she was too tied up with Death Eaters that still held value.

Like valuable things, some gain interest while others become debts. His thoughts went to Draco who was by all accounts a very smart wizard. There was power there that was stunted through ill used manipulation, leaving behind a spoiled ignorant brat. Yes, he'll test the young wizard to see how far his talents can go. Perhaps he could strip away some of those layers of self doubt and mold a young man eager and able to follow him.

Bringing his attention back to Hermione, who now was tear filled forgetting that she was angry with him. He tested her through sex magic and found a young woman of brilliance that stretched beyond his expectations. For he had initially wanted to break her and in his attempts she only strengthened.

"The two letters that are left are from a young woman named Ginny and of course our well known Harry Potter. You may have the letter from Ginny if you tell me what my younger self did to her and how she did not die. I heard enough to know that Potter stopped my

younger self by stabbing the diary with a basilisk fang. I want to know more about her reactions if you can.”

“I don’t know too much, she was very quiet about the whole thing afterwards. She mostly spoke to her other friends as I was petrified for the last half of the second semester from the basilisk.” It was true, Ginny didn’t confide in her much about what happened. There were so many people helping her she didn’t want to tell everyone over and over. She was sure that there was a great deal of embarrassment involved as well.

Hermione breathed in suddenly. Lucius and Narcissa were fighting and she knew it was about her. “They are fighting about you my dear. Don’t worry they won’t fight for much longer. I’ll set them at ease. But I am worried about your education, you could be a great benefit to my cause.”

“I won’t and I can’t. I am a mudblood if you haven’t forgotten.”

Hot pain hit through her in an instant. Cruciatus filled her and she wasn’t released from it for at least fifteen seconds. After the curse was lifted she coughed and shook from the aftershocks.

“Don’t you ever use that tone with me ever again. You are bound to my servants which makes you a servant to my self as well. Yes, my child you will serve me.” He bent down brushing some of her hair from her face. “And you will study under me. It is an honor that few ever get to have. If you don’t learn quick enough I’ll truly break you and let you live the rest of your days with the Malfoy’s. Tell me, how long do you think a broken toy will last within these walls?”

“I won’t betray Dumbledore and all those that I love.”

Voldemort stood and forced her up with magic. “You’ll betray more than them by the end of the year. It is mid September now, a year from now your only thoughts will be how to please the Malfoy’s and my self.” She was thrown to the floor.

She made an attempt to run for the door but was pulled back and thrown to the floor once again. “I did not give you permission to leave.

Stay where you are.” Hermione made an attempt to move only to be positioned in a full all fours bow with her head to the floor. His footsteps left the room.

After what seemed to be over an hour she heard footsteps once again. There was more than one person that entered. “Get up!” She did and found that there were close to four that entered with Voldemort. “These four men are very well crafted in many forms of torture. Dorrmin here is very skilled with sex magic. Some of the techniques I taught you were perfected by him. Men, have your way with her.”

Voldemort left the room leaving a screaming Hermione to join two very concerned Malfoy’s. They were struggling in dealing with what was happening to Hermione as she pulled on their connection. Narcissa spoke first.

She fell to the floor at his feet. “Please master, let her go.”

He slapped her away from him. “You need to teach her some manners and how to behave to her superiors. She’s muggle raised and has no education in the edicatte of the wizarding world. This, you were supposed to train her in and I found her to be in very much the same condition as I left her in.”

Lucius stepped forward and bowed on one knee. “Forgive me, My Lord. I should have been more observant.”

“As you will be from now on.” Voldemort left after that.

Narcissa and Lucius held one another as they too felt the curses that Hermione was dealing with and the constant violations made against her. Three of the four Death Eaters left the house. The fourth remained behind and set a curse upon Hermione that reached out to Lucius and Narcissa.

Dorrmin came downstairs and left the Manor.

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Alright, this was one of my longer chapters. Sorry about the cliff there but I had to end it somewhere. Please review if you enjoyed it. I am glad to say that I know where I am going with this and ask for those of you who enjoy my story to be patient with me. The next few chapters will take me some time to write.

Hello all. Well here is the continuation of the last chapter. Hopefully I didn't post it too late. I have taken some artistic license in depicting wizarding high society. Well here we go, none of this is mine as I usually say. Please review after reading, they inspire to write more.

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Lucius was the first to reach the study where they found Hermione on the floor covered in what must be her own blood. She was perfectly still with an unreadable expression on her face as if all emotion was washed away from it. From quick inspection she was badly hurt but nothing that will leave any marks behind. Lucius grew angry and vowed to pay back those four death eaters for harming what was his in such a way. It was the first time in a very long while that he held mixed feelings about punishments Voldemort handed out. This punishment was dealt out for personal reasons as Voldemort wanted the girl for himself.

It struck him, this was the first time he questioned his master in such a manner. It also scared him, an unfamiliar fear that has been growing in him for some time now. "Narcissa we need to talk, there is nothing we can do at this point. The rest is up to Hermione, she'll sleep it off in a few days." Hermione was placed in her bed and the house elves were instructed to care for her while she slept.

Narcissa waited for Lucius in their bedroom. She held her face in her hands not really sure what she should be feeling. There have been too many emotions during the past few days for her to handle. "Why didn't she stay in the room Lucius, better yet why didn't we lock her in?"

“Hermione was already under the Dark Lords’ spell. She would have fought it if we did, you can see that now don’t you?”

“I see it now? I saw it the first day she was given back to us. But we also made the mistake of not training her how to show proper respect.”

Lucius nodded. “She’ll be taught as soon as she wakes.”

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Hermione felt the last curse hit her as she fell to the floor. She no longer felt her body as her mind was pulled into a sea of images. Her first instinct is to ignore or fight them but they came at her in a torrent that swept her deeper into far more graphic images until she began to feel them.

Hands grappling her, lips kissing and biting, agony mixed with strange pleasure. She couldn’t hold on and she let herself be pulled down, down until one image became dominant amongst the others. Shadowy at first then it became clearer as the fog in her head dissipated.

She was held against a wall by some invisible force. She tested to see if she could move but found herself completely immobilized. A familiar hand stroked her face. “Harry?”

He stepped back and another familiar face came into view. “Ginny! Help me get me out of here.”

Both of them were smiling a dull impassive smile. Harry spoke first. “You caved in so easily didn’t you? I fought so hard Hermione, I suffered so much and you gave in so quickly.” The soft smile turned into a scowl worthy of Snape.

“I thought you were on the light side. You traitor!!” Ginny walked up to Hermione and slapped her hard in the face. Tears rolled down her face as Ginny kept hitting her.

Both of them left, all Hermione could hear were he own sobs. "This isn't real, they would never do that."

"True, but you did betray them didn't you?"

She looked up and saw Voldemort standing before her. "This is isn't real, you're not here."

"You gave in."

"No, I was forced."

"Who forced you to the study when you knew you should have remained in your room. You wanted to see me."

She shook her head refusing to answer and pulled against her bonds. They held her tight not giving her an inch. He walked up to her with his usual impassive manner. His face was unreadable. A finger lifted her head to force her to look at him. "All you have to do is tell the truth and you'll be free of these bonds."

Trying her best to calm down she analyzed the situation as best she could. The last thing she remembered was being tortured by Death Eaters in Lucius' study. One last curse hit her and she fell. A curse, this wasn't real but was a frighteningly close version to it.

"All I have to do is tell the truth and I'll get out of this curse that I'm in?"

"Yes."

She closed her eyes only to find upon opening them Harry starring at her. "I could die tomorrow Hermione. At least you can tell me the truth. Do you enjoy being owned by the Malfoy's?"

"No." The bonds didn't release her. "In some regards yes."

"Would you leave them if you had the chance?"

She had to think hard about this. There was no where she could go. There was no one who would understand her to the point where they could help her. "Yes, I would leave. But I would not go back to my old life." The bonds loosened a little allowing the blood to circulate to her hands once again.

"You wouldn't help the Order? You would just leave so easily?" Harry was only a few feet away from her.

"I would always help the Order. But I can't fight next to you or those I love. I am no longer part of their lives." The bonds didn't tighten, neither did they loosen. She knew she wasn't telling the whole truth. "I simply can't be trusted by you or anyone my age. Only those that have used the Dark Arts can trust me and help me. I've grown a taste for it." The bonds became looser and she was able to take a step from the wall.

Harry nodded then morphed into Lucius. "You could be taught so easily. Yet you fight it? Aren't you getting tired of it each day?"

"Yes, as I am sure all my friends are feeling at the moment. As are all those that fight on Voldemort's side. Even they are wearing thin."

"Would you stop studying the Dark Arts?" Lucius played with a lock of her hair. "As you said you've grown a taste for it."

"I don't know."

He stepped towards her and whispered into her ear. "Oh, yes you do. I know you, you go over every possibility in your head, every possible outcome until the most logical outcome is reached. You study yourself each day, you have to, that is all you really have now."

"I won't become dark."

He stepped and tilted his head to the side and Snape's image came into light. "You don't want to, but you're on the way. You may lie to yourself but you can never lie to him. Do you know what will happen to you if you do get pulled in? Do you honestly think you would survive?"

She looked into Snape's eyes, cold as she always remembered them. "Yes, I'd survive. I'd have to live if I wanted to continue to learn."

"So you've thought this through before?" His eyebrow raised and a smirk appeared on his face. "You're almost worthy of being Slytherin."

Then it hit her, she had been thinking of surviving under Voldemort's tutelage. Guilt spread through her making her sick. Harry walked towards her. "You've actually thought of it. You of all people. I've had my times, yes, but I was always young and only for a fleeting second. You've studied the idea, let it grow. You're right you can't be trusted."

"Harry, no. Not you. Please you must help me, get me out of here."

A penetrating voice cut the air. "You're already in too deep."

The glow of red eyes were all she saw before she fell to the floor back into the flood of mixed dreams and nightmarish figures. It would be three days before she woke.

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Three days passed and the next three were painfully sharp and make she skin hurt. Sounds, light, colour and even taste seemed to hurt in some way by being too sharp or dull. By the end of her third day she finally got her bearings and was able to ask questions.

Her questions were answered by someone she hasn't seen in a very long time. She was overwhelmed to see him and felt as embarrassed as he did when she began to cry. He was one of the few that were from her old life.

"Professor Snape, dear Merlin. Does anyone know where I am? What is going on? How is Harry, Everyone?"

"The Order knows where you are, it would take too long to tell you everything, but your friends are doing as well as can be expected. They all miss you." He was cordial and spoke slowly. He felt for the

girl. Out of all the women Lucius took he took the smartest one in the school to use as a toy.

“I am in so deep now Professor. But I have one question. If they knew where I was, why didn’t the ministry come and get me out?”

“The Malfoy’s are too powerful and they could easily whisk you away from here anytime the Ministry were looking for you. It would be safer for you.”

“I see. But I don’t have to like it. Professor-“

“Call me Severus when we are alone.”

“Severus.”

“You are in deep. To your credit you lasted far longer than I would have expected. He does not look at school girls with interest without reason. What did you do to catch his eye?”

There it was. The question that would find her guilty and break any ties with her friends. It took her a moment to answer as Snape asked this question in earnest. It was almost frightening to see him so soft spoken and show genuine concern in his eyes. This was the first time she truly saw this man as a person. And it was a side he showed to very few.

“I showed an interest in the Dark Arts and in studying under him...and still do.” She couldn’t look at him, now tears fell down her face. Never had she felt so sullied or ashamed.

He looked at her and half smiled. This smile told him that she wasn’t lost yet, there was time to save her from the twisted maze she was in. “You simply feel what almost everyone feels when in his presence too long. You’re not the first one from the light side to become seduced by him.”

“Lucius said the same thing.”

“And he was correct.” He looked at the clock and knew he only had a short time to speak with her in so open a fashion. “Do you want to make it through this maze? You are indeed too late to escape from it. You must learn the Dark Arts Hermione. You must. You will never survive if you don’t. You caught his eye and now you must see it through or else he’ll destroy the Malfoy’s to get you. In saying that you’ll be shattered and he’ll pick you up and mold you in any form that he sees fit.”

Now it was settled with the facts pointing her in a direction where escape meant only Death. The scenarios raced through her head. If she stayed with the Malfoy’s she would only be a toy and unable to grow. If she refused Voldemort’s tutelage the Malfoy’s would be rid of shattering her and allowing Voldemort to mold her, taking her power from her. “So to get through the maze I must stay with the Malfoy’s, study under him and learn the Dark Arts. All the while making sure I don’t become too addicted but delve far enough to be trusted to leave my parameters. Does that sum up my situation?”

“Couldn’t have said it better myself.”

He gave her a smile. Good on you young woman. You may survive yet but you’ll need help. Hermione looked at him understanding that he would never be her rescuer but was an aid to help her along. “How far does he trust you?”

“From now on you must refer to him as the Dark Lord. All his followers do and you should as well, marked or not. As to your question, as close as any in the inner circle.” He looked at the clock and knew that he had to conclude their session together. “I must leave now. Answers will come, I will report our meeting to the Dark Lord, afterwards I will be teaching you what is expected of you and how you are to behave around other wizards of greater and lesser rank. Use our time wisely.” With that he stood up and left the room.

After a few minutes she got up and looked at herself in the mirror that hung in the parlor. It was a full length mirror. Never had she the nerve to look at herself so brazenly, to study herself in such a way. But she couldn’t take her eyes off of herself. The young girl that used to be the reflection was gone. The one that stared back was a young

woman at the edge of something that would change her for ever. How cliché her words sounded to herself. The young woman stared back telling her Hogwarts taught children not young women who have the power to change history.

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Her tutelage started the next day and there was a lot that needed to be learned in too short a time. The basics were covered in a day. But the details came so fast she felt she was grabbing at straw thrown in the air and not one piece could fall to the floor. Each detail was latched onto and held in memory. The lessons were designed for her to fail in the end. The Dark Lord was looking for a reason to punish her and the Malfoy's. This only helped feed her determination. Little did she know that, that very quality attracted his attentions.

"The bow is most important. Subtle, yes but you could give power to a lower ranking Death Eater by giving him a bow showing him more respect. They'll act on it. Now watch as I bow to you as if you are a ranking lower than myself." He bowed his head turning his head to the right when his head was raised. "Now if you are two or more ranks below me." He bowed but raised his head turning it to the left subtly. "Do you see the difference?"

"What do I do if I don't know the rank of the person I meet?"

"Then they are always two ranks below unless otherwise stated. It is no insult what way you bow your head. Very few know that subtle detail anyhow."

They went through bows of all ranks then moved onto conversation. That part was easy, if they are higher ranking don't speak unless spoken too and never insult the higher ranking person. Those under her she didn't need to talk with unless she chose to but had to take care in what she said for they would use it to get her into trouble.

Gossip was a topic that was interesting. For centuries it was used a form of communication and a way to destroy someone publicly. "This is where the waters become choppy. If you avoid gossip or learn to

use it to your advantage even when directed at you then you'll be fine if not respected. But take great care."

Snape was thorough in his teaching and did the best he could to aptly describe the most likely situations she would come across. He was pleased that she was a quick learner and had the ability to memorize things like a sponge but worried that she was still too sensitive and would cave under real pressure. That is a lesson she would have to learn the hard way as he did.

Hermione never knew there was so much to know. Ron mentioned a few things to her every now and then about how his father acted and did things. Now she understood. She envied him his knowledge of the wizarding world. It was so puzzling for her, the nuances that didn't seem to matter at Hogwarts. Now they seemed to show her a side to the wizarding world that exposed her ignorance and in the end would have caused her trouble down the road. The world she lived in as a child was a pieced one a meeting ground between her parents and the world of wizards. No book showed her how ancient the world was and how power played a role in all of it. Knowledge wasn't the only form of power here, as muggles had. True power came with skill and the wisdom in how to yield it.

Snape left for the day and would return tomorrow. She could feel Narcissa at the edge of her mind. The woman wanted to know how much progress has been made. In a subtle way Hermione gave permission on their link for Narcissa to come and question her.

"He taught you well?"

"See for yourself." She was quizzed and placed in various situations as demonstrations. There were a few things that she was helped with as needed. But Hermione could not help but feel that she was still missing something though theoretically she was correct on every possible test.

"You're too perfect. You are acting exactly as you should and that is the problem."

"That makes no sense."

Narcissa was losing patience with the girl. "Fine, the word I am looking for is unnatural. You are too perfect to the point of being unnatural. There is no personality there for another to take interest in. I am a woman who makes it her career in reading people and manipulating them through what they show. You'll be easily exposed and denounced."

Would she ever win? Too good is bad, not good enough is bad. Where was the balance? "Where is the balance? I don't see the balance."

"I would never fit in the muggle world. I am sure you can tell me why."

"It is almost everything about you, the way you talk, look, dress and even how you hold yourself. There is nothing muggle about you."

"As there is nothing witch about you accept our magic." Narcissa saw the slight defeat in the younger woman's eyes. That defeat was not allowed to continue or become complete. "Tomorrow we'll go out shopping, you'll say nothing only watch for the first while. I hear you are a great student. Now it is time you learn things that are never taught in a classroom."

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True to her word Hermione was taken shopping in a very expensive area of London. Never has she been to shops that displayed items in such a glamorous fashion. The displays themselves are a marvel in themselves. One dress she saw seemed to float but glow at the same time. It looked as if a real person was in it and moving around as if at a party, confident and sure.

Narcissa watched her student watch the displays. "Tell me Hermione, would a person who is used to this react in such a manner as yourself? You're staring."

That pulled Hermione out of her daze. It took her no more than three minutes to show that she didn't belong. Of course Narcissa wouldn't

be impressed by the displays, it would be the items that she would take interest in and only the item.

“Let’s go to the café. It is a charming little place, wonderful to hear the gossip and to observe others. Now don’t talk, I’ll answer for you. Do you remember how to greet those you don’t know in this situation?”

“Yes, I do.”

As she was taught she greeted them as Snape instructed her. She sat next to Narcissa and watched while not watching as best she could, paying attention to the speaker while subtly glancing at the others. The talk was of mundane things, basic gossip of who married who and who died recently.

There were others with other ladies not unlike her, young women who were being trained to gossip and be part of the aristocratic elite, learning all the subtle nuances that are so needed to be learned. She glanced at them every now and then, bowing to fashion as she knew it but decided to chance it and insult them by bowing and not look at them when they spoke to her.

This caught the attention of the woman of whom Narcissa was speaking with. “This must be your new woman of tutelage. Fine creature, well mannered, good posture and has learned well it seems. I wish I could say the same of my young woman of tutelage. Fussing about, and then forgetting the lessons as soon as they are learned.” Hermione eyed the young woman like herself with a smirk when the elder woman was looking away. That only resulted in the other women giving her looks of poison as they have been discredited for the day.

Hermione held onto her triumph and went back to listening to the two elder women talk all the while watching the reactions of the other young ladies. One recovered easily and was back to form eyeing Hermione. She had dark raven hair with deep blue eyes. A beauty for all concerned but it was her stature that spoke that she was the dominant in the end and would show it soon.

The other two were by all accounts worthless and seemed to still be riled by Hermione's slight. Foolish dithering things they were. They chatted on in hushed tones all the while keeping a face of contentment. The raven haired girl sat quietly and waited until her tutor was pulled fully into conversation then focused on Hermione.

"So, you are Mrs. Malfoy's new tutelage. Let us order some tea, I would love some. What would you suggest?"

This was a test. The other two waited for the answer, one to hear the answer and two to see Hermione fail. She wasn't tested on introductory foods and drinks. Oh, what a mess she got herself into. Think Hermione, think. Then it came to her. "This is my first time here. What do you suggest as you obviously have been here before?"

The raven haired girl sat back a little, smiled reading Hermione's nervousness. She was unmasked and Hermione had no idea why.

"Tell me your favorites and I can direct you towards a most wonderful tea."

Don't name names, she thought. That would easily give it away like the clothes that one wore. Hermione caught something, so small but it made sure she won this game. Yes, that was it. "I like my tea bitter, with a strong lingering taste at the end. Not too strong at the beginning but as an introduction as what is to come. Speaking of introductions, I myself enjoy shopping at Paramour, Witch Above and Snara's. Of course I wouldn't dream of wearing such clothing in everyday situations. Although it has been needed as I am introduced to many influential personages each week. What are your favorite shops, and please tell me what you think of the clerks in Paramour."

Her heart was beating so fast she was sure a blush was showing on her face. She only mentioned the most fantastic of the stores she saw during her first five minutes there. But knew from the exotic but durable fabric of the other's dress, she was thrifty and mixed fashion with common sense. Even in the muggle world that spoke of a person who was not raised with money to burn nor were their clothes a reflection of their influence.

The raven haired girl had to relent and pull back. "Oh, I haven't been to Paramour in quite some time. My favorite is the blonde, she is so helpful."

"Which one, there are three there." Hermione was pushing for information. Luckily for both of them they were saved by their tutors.

"Hermione, let us go, we have a whole afternoon of appointments. Let us not take too long in indulging in conversation."

They made their good byes short and left. Hermione gave the girl a look of victory and left.

"You played a dangerous game Hermione. If you were exposed to that woman I would have been ruined."

"And if you never had trusted that I could handle it you would never have brought me there to test me."

"Very good. If you were any louder that woman would have asked you the names of those blonds as they are her nieces but kept her mouth shut for her tutelage didn't know them and could not risk you reciting the names first."

Hermione couldn't believe how superficial all of this was. Fake like plastic. But Narcissa told her that she was no longer in a world of hard working individuals who work hand to mouth. This was a world of old world leisure and power games where their career. Then it struck her how Voldemort would entangle himself with such people as he worked hard for everything he accomplished and yet seemed to be able to manipulate those who make a career out of manipulation of others.

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Sorry for the short chapter. And goodness me it has been a long while for an update. Now go to the next chapter. Remember to review.

Her we are onto the next chapter. As you see I've added more than one chapter when I updated this time. Writer's block is over (for the time being). Well read and review. Oh also the disclaimer thing, I own nothing.

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A noise woke her up as she fell from bed. Oh was a horrid way to wake up. Hermione had a headache that throbbed with every movement. How much wine did she drink last night? She was sure Snape added something to her glass to make her feel this bad the next day for taking so much pleasure in the lesson.

Apparently drinking was not a small part of socializing amongst the inbred elite. She must have drunk about two bottles of wine. Pretty impressive when one thought about it. But she couldn't as she was too focused on finding out what was creating such a horrid noise.

She made her way downstairs to where the noise was coming from and found there was nothing moving to create the sound of twisting bending wood. Realization hit her. There were magical reinforcements being done to the house. Wards and some repairs were being worked on. There was no way she was going to remain in the house for the entire day with this, she needed to get out of the house.

The garden made a wonderful place for breakfast. It was very quiet and she could nurse her hangover in private. That privacy was invaded by the popping sound of a house elf. "Miss is to come to the Library. It is urgent Miss. I was asked to tell you that you must be on good behavior."

"It's Voldemort isn't it?"

The house elf shuddered from the use of the name and knew only too well that it was indeed him. She made herself as ready as she thought possible. There was a thought to run but in the end it would prove futile and she would pay a large price for something so trivial.

The main library held a cool look to it and was a lonely place. It was more for show than anything so only a few of the books were used at all. This was set up for when the Ministry decided to show its face. The tables were old well taken care of antiques dating back a good for or even five hundred years ago. She would have to spend more time here simply studying this room. Those thoughts would have to wait.

As she entered the room she could feel him. He was in the shadows waiting for her and took his time to reveal himself. He enjoyed watching without being seen. She had changed since he last saw her but was more interested in getting her under his thumb. Everything was so unknown about her, how she would act, why she learned one thing faster than another. To a man that prides himself on knowing these questions she was a delightful little enigma.

Fifteen minutes passed and she decided to sit until she was bid otherwise. How strange it was to think of those terms, bidding and master. It sounded truly medieval her. But this was a world steeped in old traditions and change came very slowly due to that fact.

Voldemort revealed himself walking slowly towards her, with her back to him. She could feel him approaching and stood up with her head lowered and eyes to the ground. He had to laugh a little. He knew she didn't know if she was showing submission out of fear or respect. "Your training seems to be working. Sit down and look over the books that are on the table."

The books were immaculate and each was stamped by the Ministry of magic to ensure that no one below fully trained witch or wizard would be able to purchase the books. She recognized the titles of a few of them. Some were used in Auror training.

"You approve?"

"More than that My Lord."

He stood behind her watching as she restrained herself from opening the books. They were a weakness of hers. "Did you enjoy the book I

last gave for you to read? But most importantly did you understand it?"

"All of it My Lord, in theory."

"You don't use your wand?" That was a point of curiosity. She never tried to leave, apparate or use any form of magic that would help her leave or get a message to her friends.

"No." Hermione knew very well there was little point. Any magic that she intended to use was useless and to do anything mundane with it was already taken care of through enchanted things in the house. A wand held little use for a toy. That is what she was made out to be, a thing to be played with.

"How complacent you have become already."

She tried not to show those words stung her. He smiled knowing he hit a mark. Her hands never left the books though she was facing him, her fingers twitching begging to open the pages and read. He walked behind her and placed her wand in her hand, from which he took from her pocket. "You know the spell in theory, now it's time for practical knowledge."

He turned her around to face him. She was intimidated but did her best not to show it, failing by the minute. "Try a simple binding spell on us, but be creative."

This wasn't real, it wasn't happening. A binding spell on them. Mentally she knew there was not spell that would cause her harm but he could control the spell easily after it was cast. Only the most powerful of the two should ever cast the spell as they were able to control it. She was thinking of the least harmful spells for herself. Then it came to her. She'll bind them in food taste. Simple but in a way creative. She almost smiled at the thought of him eating ice cream and then tasting carrots.

After casting the spell on them she felt an odd pull towards him. He gave her an odd look as if he was expecting more. "Effective and defensive I see." Two glasses of water appeared on the table. "Drink."

She did sipping to make sure it was indeed water. It was cool and refreshing then after two gulps it began to taste like a metallic bitter taste. Blood. She gagged and dropped the glass which shattered to the floor. "What did you taste?"

"Blood."

"Yes it was indeed effective. You're turn." Hhe began to drink and she thought of strawberry milkshake. He stopped drinking immediately and looked at her with a smile. "I would have thought you'd think of a more bitter taste. Not something so sweet."

"What would you have wanted me to have you taste? I doubt very much you would appreciate spider venom."

He stepped towards her more serious. "Now try something harder. Something to do with textures. You know the spell I speak of."

Hermione's heart skipped a beat. That spell was harder to do but it placed her in a very bad predicament. If she couldn't free herself of it then he would have control over her body, any barriers she held no matter how strong. If she was warm he could easily make her feel feverish. This also meant that the Malfoy's would also be bound as well although less so than her. There was no choice she cast the spell.

This time she felt the effects instantly. She felt the silks of his garment on her skin, cool and soft. It was light on her and felt like a second skin. A confidence filled her as she felt his body in a state of perfect fitness that was crafted to match the demands of his mind. Then the feeling went away and she felt small, weak and flawed. She stepped back feeling ashamed knowing he would know what she felt and that her attire her self was nothing to the power that was his.

It was true that he knew of his own strength and how she now felt about it. He drew towards her not feeling the fabric of her clothes on her skin as they were of excellent quality but still held the coarseness of non magic cloth. He felt the softness of her youthful skin and the health of it as if it were an aroma. It gave off fear and loathing of her self.

He broke the first bond. "I have no use for knowing what you are eating. Take the books on the table and study them. You will be finished by this time next week. Now leave."

She did as instructed and bowed as she was instructed then left. When she was sure that she was out of earshot she ran to her room and burst into tears knowing that he could feel everyone that fell down her face if he so choose to do so. He is luring her into him and there was nothing she could do to stop it at the moment. This maze she was in would tear her to bits little scratches at a time until she bled to death. But she had to learn and grow strong.

The books were placed where the letters were before she handed them to Voldemort. She thought of her old life and all those that she cared about and felt nothing but pain and she hated herself for it. If she could rip that out of her she would just to be free of that longing. It was there stinging her with each memory. Then a smile came to her face as she thought that. It reminded her of what her father said to her once.

When you are away from those you love it hurts you. That pain will always keep them with you and let you know that you are still capable of love.

She was thirteen when she heard her father say that and thought then it was the cheesiest thing her father ever said. Now in this world only written in pages of some book they bring her some solace and strength. The shadows around her haven't killed her yet.

Sitting at her desk she opened the books and began to study for the first time in her life for a reason other than her test scores.

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I know this chapter was short. The plot only thickens. Please review and forgive me for not updating on such a long time.

Thank-you all for waiting. This chapter is a little longer and will help to show where this story is possibly going. Oh as everyone knows I OWN NOTHING!!! Please review at the end.

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Draco opened his eyes only to look into those of his Head of House. All he could think about was that his plan worked. Any limb or organ was worth losing if the plan succeeded. But no answers came from those black unreadable eyes that looked down at him.

"I can now write your father that he need not prepare a burial for his only son and heir. You should have been more careful. You may yet be caught and trust me I will not show any favoritism if you are. You'll have to face the consequences for what you've done, ordered to or not. "

Draco looked around and found he was the only student in the infirmary. He was sure if his spell was cast right then the hospital wing would be filled to capacity.

As if to answer his question. "It takes time. You won't be alone for long."

He no longer needed to ask. As he was slowly waking up the pain decided to wake up much faster. His lower body stung and moaned at him and he felt it hard to breath. "What happened to me?"

"I am sure you can answer that yourself when you fully recover. There is much to be answered for when you do."

The pain was growing to a point where he was ready to wretch and he did creating quite the grotesque mess of himself. Professor Snape told another member of the hospital staff that Draco needed attending to and left.

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Snape walked down the corridors oblivious to any goings on along the way. Two students where shocked when he walked past them as they were locked in a kiss that would make Pansy blush. It was the first time in a long time he wasn't sure what he was to do. The curse that was cast would bring the ministry in and cause more trouble for the order than not. He would have to finally take sides and if he chose to remain spy he would have to stand beside the Dark Lord and do the most unspeakable things to prove his loyalty and then later give snippets of information to the light side when he was able.

Damn that blasted boy. No doubt he was put up to it for the very purpose of setting such disorder to the school and no doubt to rouse him self from the dungeons. He looked at the test papers he needed to correct. He no longer wanted to correct those papers or any more afterwards. Her paper wasn't there.

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Dumbledore was in his office sorting out letters and writing many of his own to first calm down the Ministry of magic and also to figure out what to do with the school now that such a curse has been cast. As he wrote he was filled with worry, not for the school as it was an entity entirely on its own. His thoughts bent towards Draco Malfoy and he knew he must intervene before the boy was fully lost to Voldemort.

He began to notice a change in him a year ago. That hatred that fueled the young man was dying out and fear began to take its place. He needed to act quickly before Draco's father could interfere.

Draco was lying in bed with boredom written all over him. There were no students at this hour at night to disturb them. "Mr. Malfoy, I hear that you are recovering."

Oh, not this. Draco knew very well that Dumbledore know about his role in the curse. He would no doubt say that he should turn himself in and turn to the light side for he would be offered protection. He was having none of that. Besides his family would disown him if he even thought of it.

“For once I’m going to dispose of the pleasantries as we both know what truly happened this morning and who was responsible. Mr. Malfoy, this is not a laughing matter nor is this something your father can fix by way of the Ministry. You are no longer playing children’s games for there are possible deaths involved and that leaves a mark on the one who cast the spell.

“Before you protest I will say what I have to say and after that you as a young man will have to make a very adult decision that will affect you everyday afterwards. These are not words to take lightly either. I know Voldemort set you up and had you cast the spell. You are not the first one to be used in such a way nor will you be the last. Miss Granger is struggling under the same pressure and allure that is Voldemort and in the end she may not be strong enough to fight. This does not make her evil or weak, it simply means she can not swim against a waterfall’s flow for ever.

“If you want to leave that life before you receive his mark I do suggest that you never say another word about the curse and claim that you are a victim of it. Let the Ministry sort it out. If you are found guilty you will be banned from school and your wand broken. As you are a smart man there would be only one place were you can openly use magic and I believe you have not gone that far yet. I know about the letters you gave to Hermione. That was a brave thing to do and no Death Eater would ever do such a compassionate thing.

“Leave this event behind and follow where you know you should belong. You were raised for someone and now you want to grow beyond that as all students want to grow beyond these walls.”

Dumbledore left the hospital wing knowing there was nothing Draco would say now as there were too many things racing in his mind to speak.

Draco tried to erase the words from his mind only making them burn into his thoughts. He was a Death Eater, he was cruel, vial and had no heart. That is what he was and he wasn’t going to let some old fool tell him different. Even he knew those words made a mark on him and now every decision he made from now on would be tainted with them.

He still felt the magical reverberations of the spell he cast and would feel them for the next few weeks, marking him as the one that cast the spell. Goyle would have to take the fall for this one. He needed to survive and not let himself fall into total slavery. Dumbledore was correct in the fact that if he did turn himself in he would be lost and bound to Voldemort who would only curse him for being caught.

Betrayal was a thing that burned and the victim of such betrayal would in the end have to be killed or else would seek revenge. Goyle wasn't bright but could be dangerous when he needed to be as he took a liking to the Dark Arts and learned the spells very well.

As he closed his eyes he saw the scene replay again and again. He stood at the bottom of the moving stairs and waited for the moment when none of the staircases move. This only happens two times a day and he had to be there when it happened. Goyle was there with him on lookout as the spell was cast. Draco looked up ready to cast and then he waited, the staircases stopped their movements for one full minute and then he fired straight up.

The blast of blue light filled the hollow area where the staircases usually cross over and remained there for a full thirty seconds. The blue light remained there and nothing happened until the staircases started to move once again. That is when the spell truly took place. The blue light when it made contact with the stairs turned red and then fired off in all directions leading to the different floors impacting anyone who stood in its way. Goyle already ran and was far enough away as not to become affected by the spell. Draco turned and found himself at the bottom of one of the staircases and was hit with the red light. He fired a curse to block himself but cast it just seconds after he was touched by the red.

All he remembered was feeling a burning crushing pain and woke up in the infirmary.

Looking around now he wondered why there were not more in the infirmary now as he was sure there were many who were affected by the spell. Then he remembered it only affected those after one cast a spell. If no one did any magic they would be safe from it.

The school would be shut down now after such a spell was cast. The realization of what Voldemort wanted from him hit him. He proved his loyalty and lost what was the safest place left for him to hide away from the dangers that he would only soon have to not only face but live in.

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After she was sure Voldemort had left the premises she began to relax. She looked at herself in the mirror and found that her plain clothes that she always wore as a protest to the luxury of her surroundings and found them childish. There was a dress in her wardrobe that was bought for her by Lucius not that long ago. Because it was from him she automatically dismissed it and placed it in her armoire.

Taking it out and placing it on the bed she was amazed at the subtle but yet truly endearing taste he had. It was simple as her tastes were but the cut of the dress made simple into tantalizing. After putting on the cobalt blue dress she was transformed. To her amazement it wasn't a form fitting dress but hung in the right places showing off her shoulders. This effect made her more of a woman with her youth enhancing that fact.

Never in her life had she felt so powerful simply as herself. She could see men bowing to her to simply touch her, or be close enough to smell her hair. All this in a dress. There was a small part of her, part of the old Hermione that chastised her for being so easy to win over with such frivolity. 'If you understood. But you can't as you always had your face in a book looking for understanding of power instead of learning to utilize it.' She spoke to herself in a soft mocking tone.

There were a few questions she wanted answered about wards and how to stretch a bond to its limits with only minimal side effects. At this point she was willing to use methods that were a little unorthodox. She needed some freedom from this house and away from her jailors.

Lucius had gotten into the habit of locking his study these days. There was no real surprise considering Hermione's last visit there

ended up with disastrous results. But this only made her more determined.

For the past half year she placed her wand in a drawer and wrapped it in silk. There was no one to rescue her, and she waited and tried to play the nice girl playing by the rules to get out. The wand in her hand felt so good as if she was seeing an old friend again after a long period of time. It tingled in her hand as if to question who the person holding it was. Walking up to the study she prepared to cast the spell and preyed that the wand wouldn't reject her. There was some resistance but nothing she couldn't handle and made her way into the study to find what she needed to help her way out of this mess.

She was so absorbed in her studies that five hours passed and Lucius walked in unnoticed.

The fact she was wearing his dress he bought her didn't go unnoticed. He smiled for he chose such a great style of dress for her. It suited her perfectly and she seemed to wear it like a second skin. "I knew that dress would suit you."

"You know a lot of things it seems. None of which helps me."

"And what help would you be needing?"

She looked up for the first time and smiled and saw him more as an equal of sorts and also a much needed ally if she were to get out of this alive. To bed the devil and free her soul came to her mind at one time, now she saw him more as a fallen angel with a dark beauty that seduces. She needed his help but simple kindness would anger him unless she showed him he held control over her.

Hermione learned Lucius loved power games and that he also needn't always win but have a good battle to prove his skill. "Are you offering help?"

"I never offer. Bad for business."

"Then you tell me why you chose me instead of the many dozens of young women out there. I've learned enough about you that you have

very distinct tastes in women. A simpleton nor someone common would satisfy you. You know what I am speaking of.”

He smiled and ordered a house elf for some wine. The information that would be passed between them would be one of coersion, and tact. “1975, a wonderful year. Now as you were asking. My taste in women, surely you know why but you want to hear me say it, spell it out as if I am ashamed. I am in no way ashamed of anything I do.”

“You love controlling powerful women.”

“You flatter yourself too much.”

“But I don’t do I?” She sipped her wine and for the first time she savored the intricate taste of something older than herself. “You also hate things that are too commonplace, things that anyone can get. That includes me and let’s not forget your wife.”

“Do explain Hermione.” He sipped his own wine giving her the classic smirk.

“We are both smart, educated and know how to hold our own so as not to humiliate you all the while making you look good by simply choosing us.”

He mocked clapped. “Bravo, you figured out what anyone who met me for more than five minutes could figure out. I like strong women but I love breaking strong women more.”

“You also fear that is the one thing that will end up destroying you. There’s two of us now and one has sworn no loyalty to you.” She smiled when he flinched. Another sip, how good it tasted.

“The Dark Lord has designs on you. Don’t think to use that as a threat. You believe you are made totally dependant under this roof. He’ll chain you to one and you’ll be bowing, thanking him for the pleasure of slavery.” The velvet of his voice deepened as rich as the wine they both drank together.

“Did he give you chains of silver or gold?”

He leaned back into the chair he was sitting and sighed. "He have us his word, what colour do they have?"

She needed things and he was the one to supply them for her. "If you two are shattered I become useless and die or worse. If I stay with you two the Dark Lord will come after me anyway shattering you and I end up with the same fate. I've gone past the point where I care how I end up dead. But you do have the ability to help me survive and blend into this life. Being a witch with only the basics of magical training, only being allowed out of these walls if escorted makes me weak and a target."

If anything she said so far caught her attention this certainly did. "You want to be trained in the Dark Arts? That is were you will have to go in your studies to blend in much less survive the world I walk in everyday."

"If I learn to protect myself I can protect you."

He downed his glass of wine and a fire lit behind those silver eyes. The smile that was so inviting held a tinge of steel. Just looking at him caused her mouth to taste metallic. "So you want to learn do you? If you manage to handle what I'll offer you tonight, then we'll talk more about you entering my world little girl."

The air was cold between them but she was not longer a child and was not about to be addressed as one. "I am no child. I accept your offer and all that goes with it." She took two of the books with her and left the study.

Lucius smiled knowing what was in store for her and grew with anticipation at the sight of her on her knees begging him to stop.

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I know there are a few clifies here. Please review if you enjoyed so far.

Hello all, here's the next chapter. WARNING there is graphic sex in this chapter, don't like, don't read As you all know I own nothing just having some fun with a few of the characters. Well read and review.

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Two letters arrived by a very impatient owl. Lucius tipped the owl and sent it on its way then opened the first of the two letters. It was a formal letter informing him that his son was in the hospital wing after an accident. It wasn't the first time he received one of these. The second letter was from Severus giving a detailed account of the accident.

Lucius,

Your son is not permanently harmed but could have suffered from far more severe injuries. It seems your son has proven his loyalties after all and you won't have to wait long for your son to receive the dark mark.

Draco is recovering and will be back to his studies in a few days time. That is if the school remains open after the incident and after the repercussions of the spell.

Severus

What was going on? He knew nothing of this. Draco proving his loyalties? This was not a good day and it seemed to be growing worse. Draco always told him everything, asking for advice and now he was caught off guard by something he was not informed of. It was most disruptive to his day and he was going to get to the bottom of it.

Just as he was about to leave when the mark on his arm began to burn. He was being summoned. "Of all the times." His dark mood over his son would not help no matter what happened at this meeting. He breathed and placed a mask over his face as well as his thoughts to the best of his abilities.

This was a general meeting of events, announcements and progress reports. He looked at the crowd and noticed many new faces and

voices. Many young witches and wizards in their twenties seemed to want to join in the fight and want a taste of the dark side. Lucius held nothing but contempt for them and their flighty loyalty. In the end most of them would be used and discarded, never to be rewarded for anything that they do unless they show something special. Some will be let go of to be used later in life, blackmailed by their mark when they hold positions of power a few years later. It was a perfect system and slow as so no one would notice.

The Dark Lord ended things and spoke with Lucius in private. "Your son did well with his spell at Hogwarts and I am pleased with the success of it. Already there are seven that have died already. It will take time for the rest to follow. The longer they wait to use magic the more deadly their spells will become to them."

"Is there a cure?"

"Yes, there is. My mark on their arm."

So that is what his son participated in. For years now he was looking forward to the day his son would take the mark and work aside him to further the Dark Lord's plans. Draco was harmed due to the spell that he cast. There was pride there that he completed it but now there was something else that bothered him something he wasn't sure he could place. There was little time to think about it as he was given instructions to set up a meeting in one week's time for Draco's initiation.

"It is the greatest of honors my Lord. I am glad my son has proven worthy to you."

Silence fell between them. Lucius did the best to hide his nervousness as he felt there was more to be spoken. "I want Hermione to watch and to take the mark herself. She is a powerful witch that needs to be kept a hold of. You will inform her and prepare her for it."

"Yes, my Lord."

Voldemort looked into his servants' eyes and smiled. He knew what Lucius was trying so desperately to hide. "Now, leave I am sure you want to enjoy your little pet and show her, her place as she has challenged you."

As he watched his servant leave he knew he was close to attaining what he desired and Draco was fitting into his plans perfectly.

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When he reached the manor Lucius was a little shaken. His mind was read and now his master was going to take his property from him. That mark was more than a few lessons and a general interest in her, he wanted to take her away from them. Conflicting emotions filled him and he needed to get his emotions under control.

Hermione was in her room when she felt him come back and instantly felt that a storm was about to rage. She stood up and closed her eyes and focused on the emotions that were swirling. It was raw, but not anger. She walked downstairs and entered the parlor and spotted Lucius who was in reading a book with unblinking eyes.

"Bad news? Then good news for me then." His eyes looked towards her. "Oh, something go wrong when you were summoned? Yes, I know there was as I felt it through you."

"Leave me be if you know what is good for you?"

"Leave? That's all I've wanted since you brought me here! Now you tell me to leave! Where am I to go? I have no world to live in, no thanks to you and all your retched inbred kind!"

He lunged at her in an instant with his wand at her neck. She was ready and held hers at his throat. Not waiting to see if she was able to curse him he pulled her by her hair and threw her to the floor and backhanded her.

She was shocked as the pain went down her arm which he grabbed as he lifted her to the couch. He took her wand and threw it across the room. "So you want to fit into my world or any world for that

matter?" He was lying on top of her and whispered into her ear. "He wants you and in one week you'll take the dark mark. You'll be one of us, in my world."

The words frightened her beyond belief. "NO!! I won't take the mark! I'd rather die." She fought against him scratching his face and kicking him off of her, his neatly tied hair pulling free. He pulled her down with him and began to tear away at her clothes. She pulled at his hair and jacket. All she wanted was to damage something of his and him in the process for everything that was happening.

He tore the skirt away and fought with her in spreading her legs. He was going to show her, her place. The sound of ripping fabric filled the room. If anyone witnessed what was going on they would see a mass of angry fabric and legs rolling on the floor and a stream of shouting of insults that would cut better than any knife.

"Inbred bastard!! Get off of me!!"

"Whore!! Mudblood traitor!!"

This brought the attention to the third of their group who arrived home only a short time ago. She was appalled at their behavior but decided to let it play out as she ordered a house elf to get her a glass of wine. She sat down well enough away to watch.

He entered her painfully and she screamed in pain. He thrust and thrust into her harder. She could only hold onto him as the pain began to fade for her body was betraying her and rewarding him. He finished and pulled her up from the floor tearing away the rest of the fabric from her. His arms held her to him, her back to his chest. "What I did to you was only a fraction of what will happen to you."

"Enough gloating Lucius, you proved your point in the most vulgar way possible. She's to take the Dark Mark is she? No, I am not a mind reader Hermione only common sense told me so." She placed her glass down and stood up. "Are you two quite done? Hermione, you are in a great deal of danger and need to understand more to survive and thrive in this world you now live in. Lucius, you need to

train her. Show her what really happens to mudbloods like her. I can handle it as well as you can.”

Hermione started to shake. There was a feeling that she was not going to like what will take place. Pain filled her body as Crucio filled her, tearing at her. Her naked body writhed in pain on the floor even as the curse was lifted. A burning curse came next first causing her to sweat then to claw at her skin as the pain grew and grew until she felt like she was on fire. She clawed herself creating deep cuts in her skin, cauterized under the spell. Next she was frozen and bound unable to move. The sweat and blood froze on her stiffening her hair and causing mild frostbite on her fingers and toes.

After a few round of spells she thought would never end she was almost immobile but blinked up at Lucius. He looked down on her out of breath and sweating as he felt the curses he himself cast. Bending down he brushed the hair from her face and took in her naked form and thought she was more beautiful than ever. Immobile and marked. “So are you ready to submit, beg for mercy? It won’t stop until you do.”

“Just kill me off you son of a bitch and let Draco inherit all your wealth. He’ll be easy to kill off after that.” It took all her strength to say those words with contempt. She passed out afterwards.

He stood up and ordered that she be brought to one of the rooms in the cellars. “Let her live with the rats for a while.”

“Lucius I understand you want to teach her but breaking her is not the answer.”

“If she is broken then she will no longer hold the Dark Lord’s interest.”

“If you say so.”

“Are you doubting me?”

“No, Lucius I am doubting that the Dark Lord will be so easily thwarted. He wants to be rid of us and is using her to do it. We are no longer useful to him. Can’t you see that? Soon we’ll be relegated to

menial tasks and killed off. We know too much and we have far too much wealth now. He'll take it through Draco and be rid of us."

Anytime before she would have killed her for those words but that feeling he had before came back. "Then what do you want us to do? Betray the Dark Lord? Join the light side with all the other blood traitors? Is that what you are suggesting?"

"No, we must rid ourselves of her. Bonding her to us was the greatest mistake we ever made."

"Then, my dear Narcissa we are as good as dead then. I refuse to join those mudblood lovers and blood traitors. They are far beneath us."

"Is our son?"

"Don't even think it!"

Narcissa turned away in anger as much as in pain from Hermione's last round of torture. "I received a letter about our son as I was out and visited him to see how bad the damage was. I wasn't summoned. What happened at the meeting or did I already guess as to what you were told?"

"You guessed correctly."

"We're in trouble Lucius. We only have money as an asset to the Dark Lord. The public thinks we grew too powerful and there has been retaliation with all the corruption that has led a very long and bloody paper trail. Now our son will be swallowed up, he's a Malfoy but he doesn't have the cunning needed to survive what we leave behind." For the first time in a very long time her mask faded and she began to openly weep. Shudders wracked her body.

Lucius held her tightly knowing and feeling what she was feeling and allowed her this display of emotion for her and his own sake. He fed her his emotions allowing her to cry his tears and anger for him as he held her and kissed her forehead. It was a rare thing she showed this side of herself and he loved her for it. Loved her for only showing him

the most human side of her. It must have been over ten years since she was able to cry like this to allow her stable façade to crack. He wanted to hold onto it for a while to remind himself that they were still human in some ways and that they were not completely lost.

He kissed her tenderly on the lips and she in turn returned the kisses. The tenderness became rougher and the need in them became more pronounced. Narcissa pulled away and arched her head back to allow her husband exploration of her neck and chest. He turned her around and pulled open her dress reaching for the desired soft flesh. She pulled away from him making him pull her back harder to him. This time he tore the dress away from her and fondled her breasts in a torrent of need.

She opened her eyes and moaned. Her thoughts went to Hermione who was in one of the cellar rooms and sent her all her desire and laughed as she received a response. Hermione was still suffering from the effects of the curses but felt heat build between her legs. Narcissa turned as kissed Lucius hard bruising his and her lips in the process. Her hands began to pull open his shirt and she rubbed against him feeling his need grow for her.

Hermione in her cell began to pant and fight against the two of them and their lust for one another. She was overwhelmed and moaned out loud as she felt him against her as Narcissa did. "Bitch!"

Lucius was no longer in control he forced Narcissa to the floor and did away with his trousers that blocked him from his desire. She wanted to torture both Lucius and Hermione, make them linger a little longer and did so by folding her legs under her and brought him into a kiss once more. In retaliation he reached out and pulled her towards him.

She was quick and straddled herself on top of him on his stomach. He felt her silky knickers and the wet desire that was seeping through. She tore away what was left of her dress and crawled up over his face. He held her as he pulled down her knickers with his teeth. He was lost in the smell of his wife's arousal and fed, moving his tongue in motions that were slow but efficient. He heard his wife moan and almost loose balance and knew he once again gained control. His

strong hands and arms lifted her and placed her on him and tore what was left of her knickers away.

Hermione was beside her self, naked and lost all her sense of shame as she reached down to end her torture. That only made things worse as she needed them to finish for her to. She could feel the power gamed between them, their desire for each other and she was their toy relishing in her suffering as they knew she could not have release until they did.

Power was shifted once again as Narcissa moved slowly up and down, squeezing tightly on her way down then a few times up. He moaned and caressed her breasts until he could no longer wait. He turned her over and pressed into her slowly then faster and harder. His breathing became labored as he was trying to finish as quickly as he possibly could. He moaned with Narcissa as she came with him.

Hermione moaned loudly, sweat covered and tears in her eyes. Narcissa laughed at her and kissed her husband softly. Hermione stood up weakly and looked at her surroundings thankful that there was no one watching her to see or hear her as she was used once again without being touched.

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More on the way. Please review and read on please!!!

I own nothing. As you all know I don't own anything. Enjoy, oh and please review!!

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For three days Hermione ate alone and was taken care of by the house elves. Her injuries were healed now with the salves and magic she was treated with. She knew this was her punishment/lesson. As if she didn't already know what lay ahead of her.

She breathed out heavily and looked at her breath. That was the first time she noticed it. She breathed out again to make sure she was not seeing things as she was quite comfortably warm. She reached out to see if this was Lucius or Narcissa's doing. Instantly she pulled back and regretted it. The feel of magic silk was on her skin and she knew then who was keeping her warm. A flash of red eyes came to mind. She did all she could to block him out but there was no use and to prove it she began to sweat, steam flowing off of her as the cold air tried to cool her off.

Looking down Hermione saw her naked form but swore she felt rich silks and satins cover her body. The weight of it scared her. Her feet felt a little confined but comfortable in shoes. For a moment she wondered if those were his robes or what he wanted her to wear. She shook herself feeling the garments move with her.

She was tired of fighting and struggling to survive. Then as she lay down she wondered if giving in would solve some of her problems. To give in and allow others the control they wanted so she could stand by and observe and learn in her quiet way that she was so used to at school. Hogwarts, school, her friends, her family all gone to her now. It pained her that they still cared for her and were trying to get her out of the situation she was in. Magic laws were ancient and binding was a complicated thing.

She was in a bind and her mind sought answers to get out. Survive the maze, learn and become one of the decorations. Snape's words rang in her head and she longed to hear from him again for he was the only link she had to her past.

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Draco was fully recovered and wanted to return to his classes but the spell he cast lingered over him. He could do magic as he cast the spell early on when he was cursed. But he found himself still affected. He could only manage basic spells and only for a short period of time. Also he was being questioned by a member of the ministry of magic with Dumbledore in attendance.

Dumbledore's words rang in his ears. It scared him that the older wizard wasn't as pure as he thought. There was a dark side to Dumbledore that he had not expected to show itself so blatantly. This also earned Draco's respect. There was a reason Voldemort feared the old wizard. He suspected now that Dumbledore didn't want the Dark Arts taught too well because he knew so much of it himself. Draco never thought of this before and with this new thought it gave the old wizard a dimension that deepened the image he held of Dumbledore.

Draco sat in the office with Dumbledore and waited for the official to arrive. "Sir? I don't know what to do."

"This is one lesson I can't help you with, my boy. I said all I could say that night and hoped you took it into consideration."

"You'd help lie and allow an innocent student take the fall. Gryffindor himself would be ashamed."

"He and Slytherin were more alike than you think. That is why they became such perfect enemies."

A knock came at the door and the official came in. "Albus Dumbledore, such bad times, such bad times." Draco looked over to the man and recognized him. His name was Ivan Harrish and was well known for not taking bribes. He caused Draco's father some fuss a few years back and it seems was going to have another crack at it again.

"So, young Mr. Malfoy, please tell me about the events leading up to your hospital stay."

This was not as easy as it looked. Even telling the truth was hard. Lying seemed easy now that his and his family will suffer for it. Goyle would suffer then and would be put to rest in a short while. "I was with Goyle. He wanted to show me a new spell he was working with. You see he was so proud of this one and wanted to show it off. He aimed and that's all I remember." He was pushed for more details and re-questioned again and again to make sure the same answers came out each time.

Harrish left the room and Draco could only look at the floor. "If you don't mind Professor I would like to leave and not be disturbed, take a few day off from school if that is possible."

"That will be arranged."

"I have some things to think about." Draco left the office fuming at what took place. But at the same time thankful that he managed to fool Harrish.

Dumbledore watched him leave and sighed in relief. He only hoped that Draco would one day understand his request and that guilt would not chew the boy apart before that time. Bitterness was a weed with strong roots that could kill a person and others with it.

.....

Voldemort was amusing him self with taunting the young woman he set his sights on. It was only a matter of time before she would be his to mold. He had to remind her of the connection they shared from her last lesson. He reached out and tried to get some idea of her thoughts. All he could get was a few vacant emotions. Oh well, that will come in time. He turned his attentions to the one he held a much stronger connection to and decided to play with his thoughts for a while.

He reached out slowly and took in the images he was seeing. Outside. Cold air. Anger. There was a young woman with him. The Weasley girl that he had plans to kill. He reached in further thankful that Potter was too dim witted to sense him yet.

"No, Ginny. I don't want you involved. I am just glad you were not there when the curse went off. There's something not right about it. Voldemort is pleased and if he's pleased then there is something else he's planning behind it."

Ginny held her ground. "I don't care. She's my friend too and I want to save her. You're not the only one who's faced him before." Her eyes were defiant.

"And you almost died. Look we know where she is and she'll be with us soon."

"You don't sound so sure. The images, Harry."

He sighed. "They were sent from Voldemort. Do you honestly think he'd send me images of her begging to come home and full of fire? We'll get her home. I don't want you out there. I've been seeing you in my dreams, through his eyes. He's been thinking of you lately."

That was a lie but it hit home to the girl. Voldemort wanted to have some fun and didn't care if Harry sensed him or not. He reached out and spoke to the boy. "Telling lies Harry? She'll be marked and mine soon." He left out who she was. So Hermione was going to be rescued was she? Yes, that would be good for her. Voldemort would listen in from time to time to find out when and make sure things go smoothly. Little did they understand how strong the bond was and even one as strong willed as Hermione will not be able to last too long against the pull.

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Harry felt his scar pain and heard Voldemort speak to him. He was confused as he didn't know if it was Ginny or Hermione he was talking about. But he was certain that Voldemort heard him talk with Ginny.

"It's him isn't it?"

"I can't force you to stay. I am begging you Ginny. Please, stay behind."

This struck her but she was not going to back down. "No, I'm going with you and Ron and that's final. You know as well as I do this is not something you should be doing, especially when it's just you and Ron. It would be the perfect chance for him to get a hold of you."

"Or you."

Harry and Ron have been planning this for over a month and found the fewer the people the better. They did a lot of research into the location of the Malfoy manor and the spells that were regulated by the ministry for use. Ron was given howlers for a week from his father for that little stunt. How they managed to get to London on the weekend was a miracle and a half.

Neville was more than happy to help and said he was doing research on a mixture of plants that help one get through wards and other non lethal charms. He was going to do more research and to find out why these combinations of herbs were not used more often.

The twins, Fred and George were more than helpful and always admired Hermione and loved how angry she got when they broke the rules at school. In helping they could be breaking at least five different codes and a few laws but they took it in stride and would help out in anyway they could.

Too many already know about this rescue mission and Harry was not about to let Ginny get involved. But in the end she had her say.

"I'm going and that's final." She walked away in a huff before Harry could comment.

"Dammit!!!" He was frustrated and at the same time knew there would be no way that she was not coming now. He could strangle Ron for letting this slip to her. As he was walking an out of breath Neville was running up to him.

“Oh, great (huff, huff) I was (huff) wanting to speak to you as soon as possible. I found (huff) some information that you really need to know. I have to show you. It’s a little complicated.”

They walked back to the school and entered the room of requirement. Neville had a book with him and a more than a few pages of notes. “Don’t worry you don’t have to sort this all out.” He spread the papers and opened the book on the table provided. “Now, all of this works but there are side effects and a time limit. I have to explain why. The herbs are first, addictive making them hard to purchase also when you use them you have a hard time concentrating. Something like when you’re drunk. Second, it only lasts for ten minutes at the most and if you eat too much at one time you can start to see things and hear things that are not there.”

Harry glanced at the papers and noted the horrific side effects if too much was taken too often. He also found that most wards ages ago did not have the power that they do now. “Is this even worth our time Neville?”

“It’s all I know that will help. Only a pinch what you can hold between your thumb and pinky. That’s it.”

Sighing in frustration Harry realized how crazy this all was. Ten minutes to get in, get Hermione, get out and run to the port key. “Thanks Neville, we’ll use it. Nothing else in is our price range or is guarded by the Ministry of magic right now.” One more week then Hermione will be home.

.....

Lucius and Narcissa’s life seemed to go much more smoothly these days and it made Lucius tense. Things were a little too perfect for his liking. Narcissa told him to calm down. Draco was home for the week before he was to receive the Dark Mark.

Draco was all nerves from too many things. First for being nominated to receive the Dark mark and second for betraying one of his closest body guards and confidants, who was no doubt planning his death

right now and third that to attain all of his magical abilities again he would have to take the Dark mark.

He saw Hermione pass by and he was reminded of all that he was going to do for her. All that he tried to do for her slipped away from him as he was dragged into this other life that was no longer his. At first he didn't recognize her. He wanted to get a closer look at her so he followed her into the library where she took down some books on social eddicate. Boring drivel he was forced to read for years.

She had greatly changed in so short a time. He remembered her always hunched over books, wild hair and eyes always looking for answers. Now she stood and sat with a straight back, an appearance that spoke of her value in her self and a focus in her eyes that was now looking for connections, not knowledge for itself. Hermione was now a woman and he felt childish and plain looking at her for she seemed to have taken on some of his parents' gestures that could instantly put him in his place.

Hermione looked up at Draco from her book. He hadn't changed much, only his eyes spoke of it. They held fear and could she say guilt? She only overheard a little of what took place in Hogwarts and that Draco had placed all the blame on Goyle for the spell.

She ignored him and returned to the book she was reading. He was of no consequence to her now and knew there was nothing he could ever do for her again. He tried and was cut off and pushed into a different direction.

"Hello, Hermione." He even sounded like a child. How disgusted he was feeling.

"Hello, I hear you have some time off from school. My Hogwarts days are over. Learn anything new?" Knife thrown and target hit. She could smell blood.

"You heard. I need time to sort some things out."

"No you need time to decide what team you're going to play for. I've had no time to decide." Her attention went back to the book. She

closed it and placed it back on the shelf and began looking for another.

“Which side is that? Do you have the mark?”

“You’re father didn’t tell you? Well, its not as if you haven’t kept secrets from him these days. He’s impressed with your latest spell work at school.” She loved this, loved watching him move from foot to foot as if the ground was shifting. Part of her felt sorry for him, knowing in a way what was in store for him. She softened up. “You didn’t send any more letters to me. I never got to read the first and only batch. The Dark Lord took them from me.”

She sounded like his mother. He didn’t know whether to hit her or pout. “Potter and I had a fight, Weasley and his sister joined in and from there all communication was lost. I was also told not to have any from—“

“I see. Understandable. Has your mother chosen a wife for you yet?”

“Cut the crap Granger I know you’re angry with me.”

Hermione turned around. “Angry with YOU? No, not with you. I don’t even know you. You tried to help me and I thank you for that. You seem so, I...it’s just that...dammit you have no idea what is going on here. Your parents are in trouble, the Dark Lord wants to own me and you are in the middle of it and have no idea how to get out of this mess because you were at school the whole time. I thought Harry had it bad with a good portion of the wizarding world wanting him dead. At least he gets to pick a side.”

“And I don’t? Is that what you’re saying?”

“Well, can you?”

He wanted to answer yes and that he had chosen years ago but the answer was stuck in his throat. So he looked at the floor, ruffed his hair with his hand, thankful he no longer gelled it back. “I have a choice, and it was made long ago.” He left out the part of him not making said choice.

She nodded not pushing the issue any further. "I'm being forced to take the mark as well. If I am not bound to your parents, guess who will be there to take me under his wing?"

Three more days and the waiting will be over. Then the real hell will begin.

.....

There was a lot of planning involved and it seemed to Harry, Ron and now Ginny that it was time to set their plan into motion. Harry wanted to do everything by himself but Ron flipped out and Ginny helped when she eventually joined in. They needed first, a port key that would take them from Hogsmead to two miles from Malfoy manor. Fred and George jumped at the opportunity to help out. They decided after the success that they would make smaller gag ones that will allow you to travel ten meters away. Apparition for those underage. They made sure to test it before sending off the three of them on their rescue mission. Only twice did the port key send them off course. The first time Fred was sent to Canada and fell onto a very surprised old man in Nova Scotia. He bought a used license plate from the bewildered man while there and came back. Mr. Weasley thought it was a brilliant gift. They said they bought it off a Canadian tourist in London. The second time he was sent two miles outside of London. The third time was a charm.

Hogsmead weekend was luckily the same weekend everything was put into plans. They were not going to back down now and decided to bugger the consequences. They were not going to follow politics or diplomacy.

They made their way to the port key which was a discarded wine bottle.

All three of them landed two miles outside of the Malfoy manor. If they port keyed any closer they would be instantly detected. They planned this as best as they could. Most old families have charms placed on the house for intruders to dumfound them or put them to sleep.

They waited and watched the house for some time and found no activity that they could see. Ron found out that the Malfoy's were busy through his father mumbling something about a ministry dinner that he had to attend. "This is lunacy, you know that Harry."

"Yes, Ron and I am glad you are here to be a part of it."

Ginny remained quiet, slightly fuming that she was not mentioned in the sentence. She was still a little upset that she was left out to begin with.

They took out their herbs and swallowed. They waited two minutes for it to kick in and they began to run as fast as they could under the invisibility cloak. The front door was very easy to get through. They moved into the parlor and took out a newly made Marauders map. It was based upon old designs of the house and that of what the ministry mapped out then the Malfoy's were first placed on trial years back after Voldemort's supposed death.

They saw her up two flights of stairs in a bedroom. They ran for it knowing that they only had so much time. They were in her room instantly.

Hermione leaped up and held her wand at the ready. She looked very on edge as if fighting something. She took aim and fired.

"Hermione it's us!!" Ginny pulled her self from under the cloak. "Come on we have to go!!"

Hermione was too stunned for words and stood there in shock. It was as if she saw three ghosts from her past. "It can't be...the wards."

Harry was feeling the effects of the herbs already. "Come one, we only have minutes."

Hermione was in knots. She had no time to explain. "I can't I can't explain. You're in so much danger!"

Her words went unheeded and she was struck with a stunning spell.
“Ron, what did you do?”

“Get her and go.”

Harry and Ron were out the door with Hermione. They all made a mad dash for it down the stairs. Ginny tripped in her rush and took some time to get herself up. The herbs were strong as she forgot to only take a small amount. In her nervousness she ate most of it. She started to see things and hear things. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Tom Riddle staring at her and smiling in a way that comforted her. They don't understand you Ginny. Speak to me. Ron and Harry were out the door and running so fast they failed to notice that Ginny was not behind them. Tom Riddle stood in front of the doorway.

She shook her head wondering what was going on. Fear overtook her and she ran in the opposite direction. “It was all too easy.” She got up and tried to find another way out. His voice followed her. Why are you running Ginny? Speak with me. I will listen to you. You have no reason to fear me. She ran into what could only be a library and came face to face with Tom once again. The image was so distracting she couldn't hear the popping sounds behind her. “Not fear you? You tried to kill me, you bastard. You used me to try and kill Harry.”

Lucius and Narcissa looked at the young Weasley with bewilderment. She was talking to someone they could not see. They stood, wand at the ready and waited.

I care for you, you know that. I would never have killed you. Trust me.

“I can't!! You bastard!! How can you be here? You died with the diary!!”

Lucius understood who she may have been speaking with but the answers were not all there but, they would come soon as her head clears up from whatever she is under the influence from.

Tom Riddle began to fade and her mind cleared up. Panic set in and she turned around to leave. Those few moments of clarity began to fade as the house spells pushed in on her. Lucius walked up to her

and pulled her wand from her. Tears filled her eyes, knowing that she was in a great deal of danger. But the fire in her fought back. "Bastard. Hermione's gone and safe from you."

Her face was held in a strong hand. "She'll come back and you will not be so easily rescued." She was thrown to the floor. Ginny looked up at her captor with a fuzzy mind and spat on his shoes. A stun hit her and all went black.

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Harry and Ron ran faster than they ever had in their lives. Hermione was out cold being levitated. Their minds began to clear again. It was then they noticed that Ginny was not with them. "Shit!!! WHERE IS MY SISTER????!!!!!!?"

"Ron we don't have time!!"

"Bloody hell, Harry!!!!!!!"

They waited for as long as they dared. Then they saw some one coming towards them. "Ron, we have to go!! I'm sorry!! We have to go!!"

Not waiting for Ron to reply he took Ron's, Hermione's and his hand and placed it on the bottle. They were gone. They landed back in Hogsmead in a bundle with an unconscious Hermione and no Ginny to speak of.

Ron was ready to attack Harry for leaving Ginny behind. "Ron, take Hermione I'm going back to get Ginny. I'll risk it, it was my plan I allowed her to go and I made the decision to leave. Go!! Blame everything on me."

Harry was gone again before Ron could protest. Ron was so filled with emotions he had no idea what to feel or do. He took Hermione to the Hogs Head and screamed for help. In ten minutes Hermione and him were back at Hogwarts with a thousand questions being thrown at him.

He was shaking and needed a strong calming draft before he could tell the story.

Dumbledore entered the infirmary where Hermione was and saw a shaking Ron sitting beside her. "Where is Mr. Potter?"

"He went back for Ginny."

"Where?"

"Malfoy manor."

.....

So sorry for the cliff there. Well if you read please review. More is on its way.

Hello all. Well I am on a roll. There is a lot going on and I hope that this story is not going too off course. If you read please review!! Disclaimer thing, I own nothing.

.....

Hermione woke up in a strange but familiar place. She saw these walls before. Then it hit her she was at Hogwarts. She got out of bed and walked to one of the paintings and touched it to make sure this wasn't a dream. There would be no way that she would be able to handle it if it was. The painting spoke back and told her that she should be in bed at this hour in the morning.

"It's real. I'm really here." Turning around she looked at the hospital wing and began to shudder with sobs. Her sobs came out as a half scream as she clutched herself, kneeling on the floor. She couldn't stop. This woke a few of the others that were in the wing with her. One got out of bed and got Madam. Pomphrey.

Within ten minutes Madam. Pomphrey was walking towards Hermione with Professors Dumbledore and McGonagall. "This is real? This is real, tell me this is real. I am in Hogwarts, I can see my parents again. I don't have to go back. I need to hear it." Hermione was practically screaming it between her sobs.

She was placed on her bed once again and given something to calm her nerves. Dumbledore sat beside her and held her hand. "You are now at Hogwarts and for the time being safe. I am sure you have many questions and they will all be answered as soon as you have readjusted. First, your parents have been contacted and will be here tomorrow to see you. I wanted to give you more time as it will be a shock to both of you when you see each other but they insisted.

"Secondly, you will not be forced to return to the Malfoy's. There is no law stating that you must and I will take all measures to make sure you will never return again. More on that will be discussed later. You were rescued by Mr. Potter and Weasley and Miss Weasley. In your rescuing Miss Weasley did not return with you and Mr. Weasley. Mr. Potter left to retrieve her. We are still waiting for him to return and Aurours have already been sent to find him at Malfoy manor."

This was too much all at once and now she feared that Harry and Ginny will suffer for her. "I was supposed to be marked today. Draco was too. He, Vol...he wanted me to take the mark. I never wanted to, you must believe me. Draco doesn't want it either. The...I am.." She couldn't finish her sentence and began her sobs once again. The next few days will be hard on her. She gave up hope of ever finding herself back here again. During her time away she willed herself to forget ever being rescued and braced herself with the future of servitude and malice with the small hope of not mutating into something that wasn't her self.

She was given time to rest and she did feel calmer knowing that she was here again. In the walls that she always felt to safe in. Anger was behind her tears but she was not ready for that emotion just yet. Rest overtook her and she was asleep.

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Harry woke up, took several minutes to realize that he had his eyes open. Reaching for his wand he lit it and found himself amid very tall and very foreboding trees. The port key failed at sending him back to the Malfoy's. He reasoned that the port key was only made for a one time use in each direction. The twins were smart but even they held limits to their talents, as there was a lot of skill needed to make the most basic of port keys. He looked around for the wine bottle and saw shattered bits of it next to a tree. His head was throbbing from what he concluded was from a huge wack against a tree when he landed.

"Well, that's just great." He pointed his wand out to see where he was and couldn't see very far as the darkness was very thick. Suddenly something swooped down at him, then again. It seemed to be attracted to the light his wand was making. What ever it was it was fast and there was more than one of them. Within minutes he was being swarmed by more than a dozen of them, each giving him small cuts and leaving minute tears in his robes. The light went off at the end of his wand and he fell to the ground expecting these small creatures to stop. They only persisted. He crawled away in the darkness and found relief after what seemed to be forever. He pocketed his wand and waited a few minutes.

He felt something move beneath him, soon moving around him. As he struggled he found himself becoming restricted. Devil's Snare. He tried to get his wand but he was unable to reach it. All he could do was relax and not move, be at rest and let the vines slowly relax. It was working as he felt himself descend further and further down into someplace darker than the pitch dark he was already in. This was not good. He slowly reached for his wand and his wrist was painfully grabbed and strangled. The pain increased until he felt something snap. He screamed tensing his body which gave signal to the Devil's Snare to tighten its hold. With the increased pressure he forced himself to relax, tears of pain in his eyes.

His mind was reeling. There was a stinging sensation as he felt a needle in his broken wrist. Oh, no. This wasn't Devil's Snare. It was much worse, its cousin Devil's Nurse. He remembered Neville telling him about it once before. The victim would be jabbed with something similar to a small needle, soon after the victim would be unable to perform magic for up to two hours. This ingredient was on top of the list of illegal ingredients for that reason.

Well apparition was out of the question. Why didn't he think of that before?

He heard something. Then saw a blinding light and it stung to his non adjusted eyes. The vines pulled away from him and he was lifted by magic and landed on all fours before a set of feet. His scar began to throb then burst with pain.

"Your wrist is broken."

Harry wanted to thank who ever it was that saved him but was stopped by that voice. He knew that voice and knew for some reason that he would very soon welcome the crushing vines. "Voldemort."

"Very good, Harry." He reached down and grabbed Harry's broken wrist and pulled him up by it. Harry let out a scream which satisfied Voldemort greatly. Harry pointed his wand with his other hand at the older wizard's neck. "I do believe the words you are looking for are Aveda Kadarva."

“Aveda Kadarva!!” Harry screamed and with all his intent cast the spell. Nothing happened. “The needle.”

“Yes, useful substance isn’t it?” He squeezed Harry’s wrist some more. Harry fell down further from the pain trying all he could not to throw up. The pain in his scar was almost as overwhelming as his wrist.

He looked up at Voldemort and could see from the light from the wand that the older wizard was greatly enjoying this. Harry was at his complete mercy. All he knew was that he had to stay alive for the next few hours to do anything. But he also knew that Voldemort knew this as well and may not give him the opportunity to fight back.

Next thing Harry felt was a pull on his navel and he fell to a hard cold surface. His wrist was let go of as he watched his enemy walk away from him. Harry sat up and looked around him to see if there was any chance of escape. From what he could see it was an old but well maintained house.

“There is no chance of escape Harry. This place is my home and is far more heavily warded than the Malfoy’s home. Yes, I know all about your little escapade and allowed it to happen.”

Harry looked up not fully understanding. “How?”

Voldemort looked at the boy and wondered how Harry had survived so long. “I can read your thoughts, hear parts of your conversations. I allowed Hermione to be so easily rescued because I knew she will come back willingly in the end.” He circled Harry gloating at how easily the boy was caught.

“Why are you telling me this? Aren’t you going to gloat and say you’re the master of the universe?”

The older wizard bent down just as he did at the cemetery during fourth year. “All you had to do was keep your mind closed. I knew you wouldn’t and so I learned of all your plans and altered them to my

liking. Just as I reset your port key to end up where you did if you ever had to return.”

Harry remembered Voldemort breaking in conversation a few weeks ago but put it aside never realizing that the older wizard could have listened in. In that instant Harry felt foolish and there was nothing he could say or do. The substance that was in his system also made his limbs feel very heavy. He collapsed on the floor at the total mercy of his enemy.

“Dumbledore will find a way to help her.”

Voldemort allowed a finger to touch Harry’s scar, in which Harry let out a very loud but yet weak scream. He reached up with his undamaged hand and tried to pull Voldemort away but the increased contact only caused Harry more pain. He let go instantly as Voldemort let his finger remain to enjoy the little torture session then pulled away after a few minutes.

The older wizard stood up and walked to a bookcase. “I am sure he will find a temporary solution. Don’t think for one moment that he will find a solution for you. As of now you and Miss Weasley are my guests.”

“Where is she? What have you done with her? You better not have done anything to her you bastard.”

Crucio was fired at Harry instantly. Harry twisted and contorted out of pain on the floor, causing more damage to his already broken wrist. The curse was lifted and he held his wrist close to himself trying to numb the pain as best he could.

“You are never to speak that way to me again.” He knelt down next to Harry and took his wand from him. “I have decided not to kill you, but break you. That will take some time as you are a strong but young wizard. I hold no illusions that you have power Harry and not of the average stock that Hogwarts graduates. I’ll enjoy every moment of breaking you slowly bend to me and call me master because it pleases me.”

“Never. I’ll never bend to you.”

Voldemort didn’t respond only cast a spell and Harry’s world went black. “I have uses for you.” He healed Harry’s wrist. “Can’t have you getting an infection too soon can we?”

Harry was taken to a small room with a functional loo and a window that let only a fraction of light in. Voldemort was very satisfied with himself in his plans. The boy was his and his newest toy was giving him a great deal of amusement.

He entered his chambers and turned his attention to his latest acquisition. “Tell me Ginny, what memory shall I erase from you today?”

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Sorry this was sort. More will be on its way. Please review!!!!

Hello all. IT has been a while but here I am slowly continuing this story. As I always try to say. I OWN NOTHING!! Well enjoy and please review if you like it.

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Lucius and Narcissa came home from the Ministry dinner as soon as possible knowing though their link that something has happened to Hermione. Upon reaching home they discovered that she was no longer on the premises. The feeling of the stunning spell warned them that there was something wrong. Draco remained behind and talked with all the other sons and daughters that where dragged there.

It was the first time in a very long while that Lucius felt such deep fear run through him. Narcissa understood the implications if Hermione where ever rescued or managed to escape. Their master would not be pleased and use this as an excuse to punish them. "We will have to attend tonight without Hermione."

"Or not attend at all. This will end us Lucius. The Dark Lord will open the floodgates and allow every Death Eater to tear us apart. We hold no more use for him, we don't recruit, we don't do any dirty work and our money is just as good as Draco's as far as the Dark Lord's concern is."

"We'll attend. I don't want you to ever mention disobeying the Dark Lord again. We'll be forgiven after some unfavorable punishments as tonight's entertainment. We're giving him our son."

"This will end badly, Lucius."

"It always does for someone doesn't it. Its simply our turn."

Narcissa was right to be leery of attending but knew that if they didn't attend it would be admitting guilt in some way. Draco was to become a Death Eater tonight a high point that they have been waiting for, for years now. That will not be delayed because of Hermione.

"It has never and will never be our turn Lucius. The boy can always turn sides. Did you ever think of that?"

The look Lucius gave her could break glass. His bottom lip trembled in anger. She knew that she was playing with fire and didn't care of the consequences. "He hasn't been the same since the spell he cast at Hogwarts. They got to him, Dumbledore got to him first and we'll suffer for it. No, it's been longer than that. That fire we instilled in him is gone. I knew it when he looked at Hermione. A woman knows a look and a look Lucius. He will never be a true Death Eater. Never."

Smashed pottery was heard and a cut up Narcissa was on the ground catching her breath, wand out. Lucius held his out as well with fury in his eyes. Narcissa blocked a curse and held against it. She was on the floor being pushed against the wall, a spelled wind flew around them with the force of both their spells fighting one another. His hair blew around him in a wild frenzy. Narcissa's jewelry was lifting off of her with an unseen force that was pushing it away from her.

Lightning cracked around them, the floor blackening in their power struggle to gain over the other. Narcissa's face thinned as she was drawing on her last reserves of power to fight off her husband. "THEN KILL ME!!" A tear fell down her cheek as she screamed. She feared her husband but she would be damned before she begged him for anything. It was a command.

He slowly calmed down and the pure hatred softened to a soft anger. "You know I would never kill you."

Narcissa got up, brushed herself off and picked away the few pieces of pottery out of her hair. "You wouldn't but your rage would have. Leave me alone until we have to go to the gathering."

He pulled his hair back and walked out of the area that was already starting to self repair from the damage. He cursed himself for his lack of control and sought out a gift for his wife.

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Hermione remained in her room that was provided for her. The whole day she was left alone to adjust to being somewhere else, to her

previous home. Her old clothes and things were given back to her but she held no desire to touch them. Looking at them only reminded her of who she was and how much she has changed.

The numbness took her over which she was grateful for. She was fearful for her parents to meet her as she was. In her mind they were expecting a shattered child waiting to get back to her studies and her old life. Whoever she was now she was not that Hermione.

Memories flooded her, filled her. She fell back on her bed half aware of anything around her. The link was pulling at her, driving her to go back to the Manor. Instead of fighting the link she dove into it fully. All she could feel and see at first were emotions of worry and fear. She reached further to them and they in turn responded. Further still she began to hear thoughts and attempted to send some of her own.

'I am safe.'

'We are not. Return to us.'

'I am safe.'

'But not free.'

That was very true. She forced herself away from the link and it hurt her. The calmness fled her and reminded her of the power it held over her still. "Not free. No, but safe for now."

.....

Voldemort looked at the young witch before him and found out that she knew a lot more about his younger self than expected. Was he really that open lipped as a young man? He was surprised at how much knowledge she held about his younger self. He wondered how many other people knew what she did.

All her memories of her abduction were erased. Those that she had of the plans to rescue Hermione were erased as well. She was completely oblivious as to why she was here or how she got here. He was intending on giving her away as a reward to one of his Death

Eaters but with her knowledge of him, he was not so keen on letting that go. There are always uses for a young witch like herself. From what he saw she wants attention, approval and most of all some one to find value in her. She would be easy to manipulate.

The gathering was tonight and Hermione would not be attending. Ginny was not prepared in time for the event. No matter, he knew there will be a promising show tonight regardless. Harry Potter was now his and he wanted every Death Eater to know he had captured the boy. The news of his capture will break the spirit of the wizarding world. Things were falling into place. Voldemort was so close but he was wise enough to know that this was the point where things can turn dramatically against him.

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It was far too fast for her liking to be sitting across from two people whom she thought should believe her dead. It would make things a lot easier for the three of them. The words of comfort came first, then of love and that they would always be there for her. Her mother wanted to help, talk and most of all cry.

Hermione looked into her father's eyes and he stared back only to find a different person there. This wasn't their daughter. The lovable bookworm who held high ideals wasn't in the room. He said few words. He had to be the strong one for his wife.

Her mother went to get something from the Dormitory leaving Hermione and her father alone.

"You've changed."

"You could say that, yes. Everyone has, or will for that matter."

He coughed and if possible sat more stiffly in the chair. "Where do we go from here. Your mother doesn't see the change in you. I don't want to but I do see it."

“I don’t want to talk about that. There is little you can understand about what happened to me. I don’t want you to enter that part of my life. I don’t want to enter it.”

A house elf brought both of them some tea. It was good quality and served on fine dishes the school usually has. The table that separated them reminded her of her meeting with Lucius and the tea that he ordered her. The scene was nauseating to her.

“You don’t like the tea?”

“It’s not that father, I...tea won’t help things.”

His cup began to shake and he placed it on the table. He started to sob covering his face with his hands. “I failed you. I...I..I ‘m you’re father, I should have been there to protect you.”

Hermione put down her cup and walked over to her father and wrapped her arms around him. He hugged her as well. She cried with him, her sobs shaking her body as well as his. He tightened onto her and she began to relax. She didn’t want this to end, to have his love around her. To have these arms hold her for they would never hit her, curse her only hold her in love. These were the arms that lifted her up to but the start on the Christmas tree until she was tall enough for a chair. These were the arms had hugged her when she was sad or wanted to cuddle while watching cartoons on Saturday morning. These arms belonged to the one man she knew would love her unconditionally. She wanted to stay there in that warmth that she was denied for too long. For that time she never felt the link or the selfish hatred that lies behind it. For that time she was free.

Her mother stood at the doorway not wanting to intrude. She started to cry, her daughter was there. She was so worried that she lost her daughter to those monsters that took her. But there she was in her father’s arms safe and happy like she remembered when Hermione was young. She stood there to watch and to hold on to this memory for as long as she could.

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The Manor felt bleak and cold. It had nothing to do with heating. Narcissa was worried more so than she had ever in her life. She dressed and did her makeup in a fashion to outdo any of the other female Death Eaters. As she placed her necklace on she felt something. She reached out to the link and felt Hermione.

It was so warm and safe. Her own worries of the gathering faded away. There was nothing but a warmth that reached really deep. Only a few times in her life had she felt that emotion. When she looked into the mirror she saw a cold face with angry but beautiful features. There was nothing soft or loving in them. These emotions were everything that she was not. A tear went down her face showing her weakness beneath that façade. She pulled away from the link and smashed the mirror. Her tear was patted away as not to ruin her make up.

“My Dear, you look ravishing. Are you wearing that necklace? I think not. Here is something for you. If we are to suffer tonight, let the others ravish us for reasons other than jealousy.” The necklace was jewel encrusted with intertwining patterns of tree branches.

“It’s beautiful. A wonderful apology, you should get angry more often.”

“Nothing compared to the woman I married. Yes, I don’t spoil you enough. Let us go.”

They left the Manor with Draco in tow.

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Please review. I will try to get more up as soon as I can. My life got in the way.

Here's more. I OWN NOTHING! Please read and review.

.....

It was a long day for Harry and yet it went by far too fast for his liking. He knew he stood little or no chance at getting free from here. Voldemort made sure he could not escape even if rescued. He held thoughts that Snape would find a way to get him out. That was laughable. Snape would eventually try but not before Harry was roughed up a little.

He was provided robes much like Voldemort's, to his annoyance. Since he was captured Harry was surprised to find that he was treated well enough and the Death Eaters that watched him kept their distance and never spoke a word to him. In a way it was unnerving that he was being treated so well. There was no way to read anything in this curt hospitality. It was out of character for his nemesis to show this form of compassion. If one could call it that. He was only alive to be broken, Harry reminded himself.

The door opened to his room. "You are to come with us." Harry nodded in return and walked out in front of them. "Turn left." He followed directions until he got to a door that was rather ordinary by any standards. Harry was not fooled by its appearance, many dark things take place behind that door. He needn't turn around to know who was standing behind him.

"Starting tonight, you'll be on your way in becoming mine."

"Why the sudden interest? I deserve to know after you trying and failing to kill me so many times."

Voldemort gave a small laugh and turned Harry around to face him. "You'll suffer more serving me. I want to see you beg to suffer, Harry. You will be begging me."

"I'm stronger than I look."

"And that is what will make breaking you enjoyable."

Harry was pushed into the hall where countless Death Eaters were waiting for their Master. Harry was amazed at how many of them there were. It was a sea of masks floating in black. The murmurs rose as they each caught on who was there with Voldemort. There was a feeling of disbelief running through the air. Only the bravest of the Death Eaters stepped a little closer to see if it was true.

Voldemort pulled Harry back and whispered into his ear. "You'll never leave here and you will be alive to witness the hatred they all have for you."

"My followers, tonight I have a special surprise for you. The Boy who lived, captured and for this night alone he will be at your full mercy. The war is going well and those who have participated in this will be greatly rewarded for their efforts. The ministry is almost ours. From there we will wipe clean the stench of mudbloods and blood traitors." The crowd roared their pleasure. They rose into a frenzy. "Harry is here and will not die this night. I want you to show the power you all have and show him his mistake of not following me. He chose not to follow he shall be taught how to serve!"

Harry was pushed to the center. The Death Eaters taunted him, yelling curses and names, acting out the gruesome things they wanted to do to him. He begged not to live through this and was sure he wasn't, if all of them had a go at him.

"Before this lesson begins we must indoctrinate some new members to the fold. Bring in the newest of Death Eaters."

Harry wanted to run for the door only to find that his feet were fixed in place. He saw many of his classmates in line waiting to sign their lives away to this monster. Each had the mark burned into their arm, each screamed and the crowd laughed and taunted them at their pain. He saw Draco finally step up.

"Ah, Draco Malfoy. I have been waiting years for you to join me and I find you worthy. You are a credit to your parents, boy." Then he spoke so only Draco could hear. "Because of that curse you cast. Many more will join me or die. Another generation in my service thanks to you."

Draco was marked and he too let out the scream that the others have previously let out. He was not exempted from the taunts and laughter.

“Now my followers, we shall celebrate. These new recruits will need to be taught what it is to be a true Death Eater.” He motioned to Harry who found out he could move but now no longer held any desire to move at all. “To reward those that sacrificed much to follow me in my plans, you will be the first to teach the newest of followers. Lucius, Narcissa, Bella, Dolorov and Severus. You are my most devoted. You shall be the first to start breaking the boy. Don’t kill him or do anything permanent.”

They separated from the crowd and circled him. Harry was looking to Snape for some sort of mercy but would be disappointed. He knew Snape was a spy and could not reveal himself now.

“Dolorov, what shall we do with little baby Potter?” Bella shrieked and shot a few curses at Harry’s feet to taunt him.

“That is a great honor. But Lucius, you were the one who carved a path into the Ministry of Magic. I think you should have the honor of the first curse.” Dolorov bowed in exaggeration.

Lucius nodded in true snobbish fashion and nodded to his wife. “My Dear, you have the honors. Consider it an early birthday present.”

“I’m honored.”

Before she could fire her curse Harry was shot with a blast of lighting sending him to the floor, fighting off the excess static. All eyes of the group turned to Snape who Held a large smile on his face at one upping them all. “I was getting bored and your birthday was last week, Narcissa.”

“And you wonder why you are not married. Crucio!” Harry was blindsided just as he got up off the floor. Narcissa flew the curse laughing at Harry’s screams. Bellatrix was not to be left out and added a few nicks and cuts that would appear every time Harry screamed in pain.

Harry took so many curses and held onto every fiber of control he had. All he could think of was that he would not beg for help no matter what. He knew full well even while his skin was being cut open from his screams that there would be no mercy for him if he did surrender.

Dolorov was the most calm of the group. His curses were slow, deliberate and always delayed enough for Harry to relax then become shocked when the blow of the curse hit him. He was beyond any agony he ever felt and his screams filled the Hall. He looked at Snape begging him to help but was only rewarded with a curse.

The audience laughed and screamed out requests, some daring to fire a curse at Harry only to be cursed by one of the group in payment. Harry was beginning to lose consciousness and was welcoming the freedom that the darkness will bring.

"Well, it seems we tired him out. Severus gave him something to keep him awake. He wouldn't want to miss all this fun." Lucius smiled and stepped aside with the flourish to allow Snape to take the floor.

Snape took out a vial and knelt next to Harry and whispered to him. "I'm so sorry Harry."

The sour liquid went down Harry's throat. The pain he felt was only intensified and he shot up, screamed and fell back down again. Curse after curse was fired and he was beginning to lose his sanity. "Please, stop! Please!!"

"Aw, wittle baby Potter had enwuph?" Bellatrix fired another curse at his leg breaking it.

All the while, Voldemort smiled as his followers played with Harry. He heard the words he was waiting to hear. Harry wanted it to stop. "Wait!" Voldemort walked towards Harry and looked down at the beaten young man. "Are you begging me to have them stop?"

He nodded.

"I didn't hear that, Harry. Speak it."

"Please, make them stop." His voice was barely a whisper.

"Louder and show me you want them to stop."

Harry looked up the older wizard with contempt before swallowing the last of his pride. Turning on his stomach he pulled himself up in a kneeling position and begged Voldemort for his followers to stop.

"Very good, Harry." He turned to the new recruits. "Here you have the wizarding world's savior begging me, weak and defenseless. Now return home and tell others of this night. It will be one to remember for many years to come."

Harry was gagged and bound and made to kneel at Voldemort's feet. The broken leg, more than smarting now. The gathering was far from over it seemed. "This night has been one to remember. Here is The Boy who lived at my feet and defeated. Enjoy the festivities."

The Death Eaters began to depart and prepare for a true night of debauchery. Lucius and Narcissa were about to leave but were pulled aside. "I see you are one person short this night. I was expecting your pet to take the Dark Mark tonight."

Lucius swallowed and bowed. "Yes, My Lord. She was captured, but will return as the link with us is too strong for her to stay away for long."

"Not strong enough. You didn't break her it seems. She would have stayed if she was broken as I had instructed."

Harry couldn't help but feel a small amount of glee that Malfoy was in serious trouble and would not be enjoying the next few minutes of his life. Malfoy's suffering was due because Hermione was now safe from these monsters. If he wasn't so worn and in so much pain he would smile and laugh.

“My Lord, she will come back. She is not strong enough to stay away for long. When she does, she’ll be seen as a traitor.”

The older wizard wasn’t fooled for a moment. There was no way he would have interest in those that are weak or are broken easily. He knew that Hermione was not going to come back so soon or easily. There needs to be a lure. “You have two days to bring her back. If she is not then you will choose between the two of you that will die. The girl knows too much about you and is only holding back information because she fears that it will have you killed. She’s still young enough to have a conscience even for the likes of you. Your son is in my service, devoted and willing to kill to prove him self. You two have become complacent in your duties, relying on money.”

Voldemort sent them away to enjoy the festivities in which they would not enjoy as they would have their master’s threat looming over them. He took Harry and threw him in one of the cellars for the night. Some water and a little food were provided so he would live to see the morning.

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Draco woke up the next morning red eyed and wondered when the herd of thestrals would ever give up the fight inside his head. He wasn’t to attend Hogwarts for another three days so what ever he did to himself he would recover in that time for studies.

It was then that he noticed he was not in his own bed, nor did he have any clothes on and he was outside somewhere. He got up slowly as not to make him self sick and noticed he was not the only one that ended up in the same situation. He eventually found his wand and was grateful that it didn’t end up in some interesting places as some other wands did. He conjured some basic clothes for himself and apparated back to the Manor. The only thing he was hoping that he didn’t get some witch or wizard for that matter, pregnant. That thought alone made him shut out last night as he headed for the kitchen for something to sooth his stomach.

He wanted to talk to Hermione but he knew of the escape and just now remembered that his parents would be in a diabolical mood.

Would this nightmare ever end? He just entered it, was born into it and was only made aware of it when he received the dark mark.

There were voices in the Manor, loud and violent. This was not going to end well and decided to go to the kitchens where his parents never go. "Minky, bring me a change of clothes from my room. You know what I need. Also, make sure you are not seen."

"Yes, Master Draco."

With a soft pop Minky was gone and quickly returned with what was asked of him. He nodded to the elf that he needn't any more help and wanted to be left alone. He changed and vanished the clothes he made for himself. He needed to get away while things blew over with his parents. This was all too much for him and felt that he was cracking up. He returned to Hogwarts with the little money he had on him, arriving in a very sad state. Snape was there and brought him into his study to help sort the boy out before he made a mistake.

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"DON'T TELL ME TO QUIET DOWN!!! THIS IS NOT SOMETHING THAT YOU CAN THOW MONEY AT LUCIUS!!" Narcissa paced the room, her hair half out, make up running and was absent of the necklace Lucius gave her the night before.

Lucius looked neat in appearance but the creases in his face with the throbbing vein told a much different story. "We'll get her back. Draco will see to that. He's closer to her than we will ever get." He was careful not to step anywhere for Narcissa threw the necklace down somewhere and he was not going to step on it or look away from his fuming wife.

"Relying on our son, how low have you gone Lucius? You are not the man I married."

"Then one of us will have to make physical contact with her. Do you have any suggestions?"

Narcissa was about to speak then calmed down. "Yes, but I am not suggesting anything to you." She stormed out of the room.

Lucius was left with his anger that slowly changed to curiosity. The look on her face was one he has seen only once before and it meant that there would be some changes in the air. They would be fine.

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More is on the way. I hope you are enjoying the story so far. Please review, I want to know how the story is going and what the readers think.

Thanks for the reviews. I OWN NOTHING! This chapter contains sexual content. If that offends you, turn to the next chapter when it's posted. To all else please read and review.

Thank-you to all who have reviewed. Please be patient for my updates. I have devoted more time to this story than any of my other ones and I want to keep the story together. To all of those that have reviewed I really thank you as they helped me learn to become a better author. For those that have read my other earlier stories you can see the difference in quality. If you have any hints as to where I could improve in my writing, don't hesitate. All that I ask for is honesty in your constructive criticism. Your reviews do matter to me.

Well here's the story. Enjoy.

.....

There was nothing she found familiar in her situation nor did anything happen as she had expected. Ginny was held captive by the most evil wizard of her time and was unharmed. She was well fed, clothed and even had a small clean room with a view. This put her guard down and that scared her.

Three days have passed since the gathering. That was the last time she spoke to Voldemort who seemed to watch her as she spoke about what his younger self spoke to her about during her first year. He didn't speak to her except to ask questions, all pertaining to what happened during her first year. His eyes pierced her searching through her words and at times she felt her mind.

She was forgetting things. She knew she had a family but couldn't remember their faces or their names. Her friends were lost to her now as they seem to fade away from her each time Voldemort questioned her.

Ginny held no control over anything during that week. The only thing she held any control over was her voice and her emotions. She chose not to speak a word in case someone was listening to her and chose not to show any emotion if she was watched. At first it was very hard for her but soon came to a place where she was numbed. It made her

forget or at least not worry about what her family was thinking. This would usually make her feel guilty but she it forced out for survival purposes. Going crazy wasn't something she had fantasized about. This wasn't her and she didn't want anyone knowing her.

The door opened to her room. She didn't respond until spoken to and held her face of impassiveness. He was here to hear more of what his younger self spoke to her about.

"You shut off your emotions well, Ginny. This is a skill so few practice. But you love and you will eventually show emotion." She remained quiet and waited for the questions to start. He walked around her looking at her. There was a question on his face as he searched her. "How am I different from my younger self?"

"I don't know how to answer." It was true for the most part. She held very little knowledge about who he was now and was not in anyway interested in learning.

"Foolish thing! You've been watching me as you answered my questions. You are far more observant that you wish to let on. Now answer me!"

"He, your younger self didn't know as much. He had ideas but seemed to only know of what he thought his plans would be and was expecting them to come to reality. But he was very interested in Harry. He was surprised he killed...of what happened."

Voldemort nodded and motioned for her to continue.

"He was aggressive like you are now but was unsure of himself I think. The uncertainty came from not having all the answers. He was too sure of himself as well."

"He didn't know about my death or any current events?"

"No. I thought that I said that in my answers before." She was smacked in the face, hard. Looking up from the floor she saw Voldemort with a wand pointed at her.

"You serve no more use for me. That is all I needed to know."

Ginny pulled in her emotions. The last thing she could control about her situation and wore a soft smile. She would not beg or look fearful when she died. The deadly green light came towards her and she embraced it making sure to look her murder in the eyes before her body became lifeless.

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One Week Previous, Morning after the Gathering

The headache was unmerciful in its pounding but managed to eat and drink what was provided for him. He leaned against the cool but thankfully dry stone wall and was grateful that last night is now over. The speed bump was hit a little too fast for his liking but now all he needed to do was pull himself and his pride back together in form. Thinking back he knew that things could have gotten a lot worse and a few more bones would have been broken. Voldemort wanted him alive. That was more frightening than he had expected.

There were sounds coming his way and stood up to face who ever were coming to torture him. It was Snape.

"Professor. Am I getting out of here?"

"Silence you stupid boy. I am here to give you these." He held out some robes for Harry to change into. "You have a long day ahead of you and if you want to see the end of it with your mind intact I do suggest that you listen to me very carefully. Do as you are asked. The less you resist the longer time it will take for you to be broken. It is far better to be smart than be proud and mindless. The longer it takes the longer the Order has to rescue you."

Harry nodded, terrified at Snape's words. "Sir, is Hermione alright?"

"Yes. Now don't ask me or implore me for mercy again. If you do I will have to be twice as cruel to save face. More if I am in the Dark Lord's company. Do you understand?"

He understood and sighed. "I'm scared. Does this nightmare ever end?"

"It becomes a lifestyle for some." Snape gave a sardonic smile knowing that misery lay on many levels to the point of being an art form. It was unfortunate that Harry was to become a canvas if not rescued in time.

Snape started giving advice as how to behave to allow a little more time between tortures. "Don't let him become bored with you. When he loses interest Harry, he'll kill you. Once he breaks you, he'll no longer need you. Miss Weasley only has a week or less before he rids himself of her and yes she is alright for now."

Harry wanted to ask more questions. His opportunity was cut off when Voldemort entered. "Ah, I see you have made yourself at home." Looking at the eaten food. "Well it is time for you to become integrated with what it is to be my slave. First I need to see fear of me in your eyes. Pain is always a good place to start."

Snape left sealing off the sound of Harry screaming as he closed the door behind him.

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Hermione was more than delighted to resume her studies once again. It was something normal that she was so deprived of for too long. The only thing that she hated was the fact she had to wear a uniform to her classes. She didn't consider herself a student like the others. She had to live and learn like an adult in too short a time to be fitted into a school uniform once again.

Her clothes only looked like a uniform but felt like clothes no child would wear. That thought brought her back to Voldemort. He still held that charm over her. He could make her feel and taste anything he wanted. It sickened her to know she was a toy for him and for two other dark wizards.

Not being one to be outwitted she simply wore the clothes she wanted and placed a glamour charm on them to make them look like

the school uniform. She loved it. As soon as her last class was finished she did away with the glamour. McGonagall approached her once about this and was dismissed in a respectful manner.

“Professor, I am in no ways a child. That has been stripped of me and there are no authorities in this society that will bring those that harmed me to justice because it is still steeped in ancient and useless traditions that have only help create the monster we are all trying to fight. I will use the glamour and wear what I desire at the same time. If I look happy then I can seem as normal as any other student.”

She was expecting a round of rules and regulations speech but instead received a knowing smile. “Thank Merlin your brain wasn’t rattled too much. I too, hated the uniform when I attended this school. It was far more unattractive than the ones you wear now. I only ask that you take some precautions. You are muggle born and as such you have grown up with a far more liberal thinking. Learn the rules of this society then you’ll you have the knowledge to break them with grace.”

Hermione was floored. This was the woman who was the enforcer of rules and regulations. For a moment the older woman seemed spit in two. One was the shadow or mirror image to keep others calm and reassured. The other was a woman who could twist the truth about herself and then do what needs to be done behind the shadow. Everything was a mix of dark and light in this world. That balance was on a razor blades edge. Control over ones’ power was essential.

Soon she was alone once again. Forced to be alone with her self and that usually drifted to thoughts of her previous captors. She sought them out for a moment. They seemed to be leaving her alone or the potion that Dumbledore had made for her is working. He said that she had to learn to use the connection in order to separate her self from it. That would require work that she didn’t have the strength to use right now. All she wanted was some peace and to be left alone. It was a temporary fix and savored it everyday.

Ron tried to speak with her many times. The mixture of his guilt over Harry being captured and of her being so changed made the talks awkward at best. He tired to find things to talk about only to sound

foolish and his own age. Test scores and who was dating who didn't seem to interest her anymore. She wanted out of this school as fast as she could leave everything behind including her closest friends.

She really wanted Ginny to be here to talk with. Out of all the students here she and Harry were the only two that would understand her and her frustrations. But they both have fallen under his grasp and she hated it.

Hermione was so in her thoughts that she didn't see another student coming down the hall who was just as distracted as she was. They both landed on the floor for and scrambled to get themselves back into order.

"Granger, I...sorry." He picked up a few of her books and handed them too her.

"What do you want Draco?" She was hostile not wanting to do anything with a Malfoy ever again.

"First name basis are we?"

"Your father and your mother fucked me so that puts me on first name basis with their son. Plus if I can ever live the rest of my life without saying your family's last name, it would be a fair trade to the memories I have been given."

Draco blushed knowing she was trying to bait him. "Look, I want to say that I am sorry and I want to talk to you. No, I don't want you to come back if that's what you're thinking."

After some arguing she decided to hear him out. "I'll give you ten minutes. No more."

"I'm a Death Eater now. One of my parents will die in two days time if you don't come back. You and whoever is left over will be shattered and I'll inherit due to the parent being sent away due to insanity." Draco fell to the floor. "The Dark Lord expected you at the gathering and when you were not there he became more than a little angry."

She was angry with him. How dare he talk to her and try to gain sympathy. "I am not going back. To hell with you."

"A little late for that. Hermione, I am not asking for sympathy. You. Will. Be. Shattered. My parents signed their fates when they started this whole mess. I'm at the point of saying good riddance to them. They raised a horrid spoiled son, did nothing but harm everyone and now will take down with them one of the smartest witches of our time."

Shock was written on her face. Never had she thought Draco felt this way. Looking deeper she couldn't see that smugness nor the arrogant boy. He was scared that he was going to be devoured before he left school.

"Dumbledore can be trusted. What you do after that is your own choice."

Snape said the same thing to him when he arrived scared and shaken. He had a choice, that was all. But it meant that he would chose a life he may not be strong enough to lead. He picked himself off the floor and headed back to his dormitories.

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Two Days After the Gathering.

Snape was summoned before his Master to give account on the new Death Eaters. They seemed to be adjusting well and were able to keep things as secret as possible under the circumstances. The school was falling apart due to that curse. Two students have died already from performing the smallest of spells. There were more to follow in the next few months unless they joined him.

"This is good news Severus. Now tell me the state of our young Malfoy. I've been hearing rumors that he has been having a hard time concentrating on his studies."

As impassive as ever, Snape nodded. "The festivities took their tole. I doubt he ever let loose all of his inhibitions before. I am sure he is

worried about hearing about him becoming a father to more than one child. I should tell him that all drinks held a contraceptive for such cases.” He smirked hoping his master would believe him.

“Ah yes. It wasn’t mentioned to the new recruits. Keep a watch on them and also make it easy for anyone to be recruited. You are in such a delicious position being an instructor at Hogwarts.”

Snape bowed and was thankful that he wasn’t caught hiding anything.

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Narcissa announced her arrival to the school to see her son. She heard that he was having some troubles with his lessons and decided it was wise to visit him. She was treated with the same curtesy as always and spoke to her son.

“Now, Draco you know what will happen tonight. I must see Hermione. You love your mother don’t you? Do you want to see one of us die?” She even managed to bring a tear out for effect.

He hated this. This horrid, twisted triangle of a mess that this woman before him helped create. Once again she was twisting his emotions against him. His father used fear his mother used love. It was sick and he feared that he would never be able to raise a normal child if he lived that long to raise one.

“All I need is a few minutes. Not even that.”

What was her power over him? She was cold and conniving. “She’s usually in the library. That is one part you haven’t changed about her.” He walked away in anger.

She smiled knowing where to start looking for her. She felt her out and sensed she was being shut out. “My dear little pet. I will find you soon enough.”

Narcissa made her way to the library using all the old shortcuts she knew when she attended. Some, from the cobwebs have never been used in some time. She entered the library smelling the sweet smell

of ancient paper and ink. Not wanting to use the link now as it might give Hermione the chance to slip away.

Oh fortune has favored her today. Her little prize was distracted, reaching up for a book. Narcissa gave some assistance by pulling the book down with the assistance of her wand. "This is a good book. I would have done better at transfiguration if I studied it."

There was nothing to prepare Hermione for this encounter. She was in shock. This wasn't supposed to be happening. Not here in Hogwarts where she was surrounded by those that she loved and loved her in return.

"No, I am not going back." Hermione took out her wand and prepared to fire a curse at the retched witch before her.

Narcissa was nonplused by the action. "My little pet. You can't do anything to me. We are bound to protect and love one another. Come here and let me show you what you will miss if you stay away."

"No! Get away from me!" She has to keep her distance and make no physical contact with Narcissa or the connection will reform, potion or no potion.

She took her chance and reached out grabbing Hermione with her hand and pulled her into a kiss. It was demanding and the older woman's hands groped and pulled the younger closer.

Hermione knew that there was very little that she could do after contact had been made. The kiss was deep and sensual and try as she might her resistance was fading. The urge she denighed herself for so long ignited and returned the kisses with fervor. Her hands caressed feeling the rich fabric and longed to caress the silky texture of Narcissa's skin.

"Come back Hermione we need you. You need us as well. Reach out to him."

Tears began to stream down her face. She was so close to getting away and was being pulled back in. Lucius was pulling at her,

drawing her closer to his wife. 'Give in.' His words echoed in her head. His hands were on her and were Narcissa's. The heat was rising in her and she wanted it to continue as well as stop. She was almost in a trance between the two of them lulling her out of the mindset of being a student once again.

'You're a woman now Hermione. Learn your full potential for this school will never teach you.' Voldemort was in her head seducing her with ideas of power while at the same time making her clothes feel itchy and cumbersome. She needed to be rid of them.

She tore at them until they were in shreds at her feet. Narcissa's hands were all over her controlling her until she begged to have release. "Please, I need to end this."

"Then pleasure yourself in front of me. Let me see the lust in your eyes." Narcissa whispered into her ear. "Give me a show."

Why was she doing this? Hermione was screaming at herself at being so easily manipulated. As she was caressing between her moist folds she was breaking in half. What would her friends think of her? "NO!!" She stopped instantly and placed all of her attention on the link. "I will not be manipulated like this again!" Hermione ran out of the book stacks pounding full of lust and in full naked view of the few in the library.

Snape happened to enter just as Hermione came out from the stacks. Her hair was tossed and she was indeed in no way in control of her senses. He took his robe and wrapped it around her then carried her out of the library to the infirmary.

"It's alright. You are safe now."

"Professor, I don't want to go back you understand don't you?" She reached up to him and pulled him into a kiss.

He immediately pulled back and forced her down gently. "You don't want me. You are under the link's draw. Fight it." He stood only allowing her to hold his hand until the hospital's matron showed up.

“Professor what happened?”

“I don’t know. I saw her in the library in this state and I brought her here. Somehow the link has been reestablished.”

The older woman nodded knowing what had happened to a certain extent. While Madme Pomphrey was taking care of Hermione Snape made he was to Slytherin tower to see a witch about this new problem. He was just in time as well.

“Ah, Severus I was just about to leave. My son may—“

“To hell with your son!” He pulled her into his office by a shortcut only he can use. “This is too much Narcissa, even for you. What were you thinking?”

“Of my family you bastard! If our master is not convinced that Hermione will come back by tomorrow night either Lucius or my self will die.”

“I could have helped arrange something. Now a scene was made she’ll be protected further. She wouldn’t be able to leave the school even if she wanted to.”

Narcissa left and focused on the link. Hermione was close to returning she felt it. All she hoped was that it wouldn’t be any later than tomorrow night.

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Two Days after the Gathering

Both Narcissa and Lucius Malfoy slept very little the night before. And their day was not much better. The link they had with Hermione was stronger than ever but she was resisting them while flushing out all her anger at them. There was no way to respond as she was able to keep them from talking with her.

The day passed by and they prepared for their fate. Their master was not known for mercy and would show none towards them. They could

already hear the jeers and screams of joy as the lower death eaters watched them suffer. Narcissa looked into her Husband's eyes and started to cry. It was the first time in a long time she actually looked into his face and noticed how he has aged and how she as aged with him. She held onto him taking in the musky smell of his hair and the feel of his strong arms.

He in turn looked at her still seeing that young beautiful woman he married and fell in love with. Each age line was beautiful and he wanted nothing more than to kiss each one. His hands reached to caress her back and dive into the gracious curve of her back until he reached her buttocks. They kissed and held onto one another tightly. They would be torn apart as one would live to see the other go and live the rest of their lives in insanity.

Narcissa dressed in her best gown and put extra attention on the jewelry she wore. Lucius took off the necklace and earrings Narcissa chose and placed on her a smaller more delicate set. "Do you remember when I gave this to you?"

"How could I forget? It was the first set of jewelry you ever gave me. I also remember what we did after that."

"You look even more beautiful in it than ever."

They made their way to their master and to face their fate. They arrived in their usual fashion and took their place in the circle in the great hall where the gathering took place only a few nights ago.

The other Death Eaters were quick to note that there was a missing mudblood and smiled knowing the fate of the two that will follow that night.

Voldemort entered and glanced in the direction of the Malfoy's. "I see I am disappointed. Where is the girl? Why is she not here?"

Lucius spoke up first knowing the pain that will follow for his excuses. "We have failed you My Lord. The girl was stronger than we had anticipated and was able to fight off the link."

“And what of you Narcissa, the diamond snake behind this man? What have you to say for your self.”

“I have nothing to say My Lord. I await your punishment.”

Voldemort showed no mercy for failure. “You both disappoint me. I have given you much harder tasks than this before and yet you can not get hold of one young woman. I show no mercy for those that fail me.” He raised his wand and was about to fire but an owl reached him giving him a letter.

He took it and read it. “Well it seems that you both have been given some time. Leave and don’t return until I summon you.”

Even they were not trained enough to hide their gratitude at not being cursed. They reached out to the link and felt regret, fear and anger from Hermione. She saved their lives and would need to be repaid handsomely for her efforts.

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Three Days after the Gathering

“No. I thought that I said that in my answers before.” She was smacked in the face, hard. Looking up from the floor she saw Voldemort with a wand pointed at her.

“You serve no more use for me. That is all I needed to know.”

Ginny pulled in her emotions. The last thing she could control about her situation and wore a soft smile. She would not beg or look fearful when she died. The deadly green light came towards her and she embraced it making sure to look her murder in the eyes before her body became lifeless.

“If Hermione only mentioned your name in her letter you would have been free to go.” He smiled knowing his plan was coming together. Hermione was returning to them but soon after to him. He pulled out the letter and read it once again while standing before Ginny’s dead body.

Lord Voldemort,

I will return to Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy under the condition that Harry be released. I will willingly take the mark if this condition is met and will serve under you as your loyal servant and if I am worthy, your student.

Hermione Granger

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That took a long time to write. Well what did you think? Please review if you have the time. There is more to come. All I ask is that you have patience with me. This story is close to ending soon (in about 5-6 chapters) and I want it to be a good one.

Hello and thank you for all the reviews. Since it took so long to update I decided to add more than one chapter. Well here's the disclaimer thing, I own nothing of this story. Well enjoy.

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Hermione was numb the next morning. How could she send that letter? Did she truly mean what she had said? She had to refuse and send another letter saying that she didn't want to return.

She was in Snape's office once again asking him to help write a letter saying she changed her mind.

"You foolish girl. If I remember correctly you came to me last night and begged me for some advice and I gave it to you. I first tried to change your mind but you insisted. You wanted to keep in the game and fight so I directed you in a manner that is the most beneficial to not only you but the Order. Now don't come to me and say that you want to back out this easily. People would most likely have died because of the letter you sent and more will end up dead if you back out."

There was something to the tone of his voice in the last sentence. "Who died because of my letter? Who?"

"Miss Weasley. He wanted you to trade your life for hers. Your letter didn't mention her so he would have most likely killed her."

She screamed and started to hit Snape and tear at his robes. "You liar, how could you do that!? You said she was already dead. How could you do this you cruel hearted bastard." She screamed that over and over again until he caught her hands and wrestled her to a chair.

"You asked for this Miss Granger. You came to me and asked what it would take to be a spy and I gave you the answer. You have to make sacrifices and Miss Weasley was one of them. Would you rather Mr. Potter die? Who is most important to save?" His words were spoken in a deep slow voice making sure she heard every word that he was saying.

"I killed her then."

"No, the Dark Lord did. Always remember that."

Hermione wasn't hearing any of it and ran from Snape's office. He heard her footsteps grow weaker until all he could hear was his own breathing. His worries now where weather she was strong enough to play this game through. No doubt his manipulations will cut the young woman deeply forcing her to grow in a direction she may not yet be strong enough for.

He turned to see Dumbledore in the doorway. "Severus, I see you didn't take my advice in this matter."

"Would you have her shattered? I am doing the best I can for Herm...for Ms. Granger under the circumstances. She has precious few choices."

"Yes but she now must follow everything in the letter in order for her to survive. Voldemort will push her further."

Snape wasn't looking at Dumbledore. He didn't want to look into those eyes and see the awful truth that he was refusing to acknowledge. "He intends to shatter her anyway."

"You understand what must be done if that happens. Miss Granger is too knowledgeable a witch to be shattered and be disposed of." There was deepness to the old man's eyes that Snape has only seen once or twice in his life. A long term plan was being made and Hermione was part of it.

He looked into those aged eyes wanting to find something in them. "She'll be shattered and she'll need to be joined with someone in order for her to survive or function in wizarding society."

"It must not be Voldemort. Do you understand me Severus he must not claim her if that happens." That was the last thing he said before leaving Snape to his papers and lesson plans. He hit his fist against a table hard enough to allow the skin to break slightly. He healed the skin then returned to the stack of student papers that awaited him.

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His head hit the floor with such force he threw up the little remaining contents he held in his stomach. Most of it was blood. Harry turned and looked up at the face of his tormentor.

"I enjoy this as much as you groveling before me Harry. It is fascinating watching how magic can manipulate the human body. My thoughts form then become focused, strengthened by use of a wand then directed towards something altering the natural flow of the objects natural state."

Harry's body wanted to give up. It was begging him to give in and allow some time to heal. Harry watched as Voldemort slowed down and began to clean him up a little. "I have some news for you. Miss Weasley is dead. I killed her seeing no more use for her and Hermione is returning to me. Here's the letter. Oh, where are my manners. Here are your glasses so you can read."

He took the letter from his captor and read it quickly then once again very slowly to make sure he read correctly. "Will you honor this?"

Voldemort looked down at Harry as if he greatly insulted him. "Of course. Question is Harry what will you do to make sure that she remains unshattered? I can make life very easy for you in return for a little servitude."

"You will shatter her anyway if it suits your purpose. Keeping me here won't change what you already have planned."

The older wizard had to smile in spite of himself. The boy had become rather insightful in a short period of time. "I'll take the unbreakable vow as not to shatter her while you willingly serve me. You'll never have to worry about torture from me or my followers again."

Harry held his eyes shut not wanting this creature to enter him, see through him with those red eyes. This was always the lure and Harry rejected it every time. To turn away would be harder and as

Voldemort knew there would be consequences for not following. "You always try to lure me in and each time I refuse you. Only difference this time you didn't offer me power. I won't change. Hermione is coming back of her own free will."

"I'll be sure to tell her you said that."

"I'm sure you will. Now if you don't have anymore to say to me either let my bones knit or continue your entertainment."

Voldemort gripped Harry's neck and looked at the boy in the face. "I'll let you go Harry free of all restraints I've placed on you. Next time we meet you will be broken and bound to me."

Harry let out a breath of air that he was holding after Voldemort left him. He knew that if he didn't defeat Voldemort he would be owned or chased after until caught. Dumbledore explained to him about Voldemort's possessiveness of things and of people. Harry had to fight and win or else be devoured by Voldemort and watch all those he cared about be trampled on by the machine that Voldemort created.

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Hermione decided not to pack a thing to take with her. What ever she brought with her outside a few books and her wand would be thrown away or destroyed. Thoughts of her parents came to her mind and of what they went through when they found out she was taken then returned. They would never understand her decision or the reasons why she was going back to such a situation. She had to leave them for good. There was a barrier of understanding that her parents would never be able to cross and would in the end cause them harm if they tried to contact her.

She took out paper form her desk and began to write her parents a letter.

Dear Mother and Father,

This letter is one of the most painful things I will ever have to write. These words you are about to read will hurt you but please continue for they will allow us to move on.

Since you found out I was a witch you have nurtured that part of me and understood I could not be raised as a muggle. I remember the first time I showed the potential for magic. You two saved the pair of socks that I had shrunk because I didn't want to wear them. I still think of that and smile.

As the years went on my muggle school friends and I drifted apart mostly because I was no longer part of their world. It became alien to me as my world was to them. Now I am fully drawn into this one and there are dangers like your own that I have to be taught how to handle and if possible avoid.

I need to say good bye to you both and to thank-you for all that you have done for me. This world is too dangerous for you two and because of who I am now I will only cause you danger. By the time you read this letter all connections you had with this world would have been severed. It is much better this way.

Please forgive me. I love you two more than these words can say. Don't try to contact me or others of the wizarding world. If you do this I will know that you are safe and I can be content in knowing I did something that kept you from harm.

Love,

Hermione

Tears were pouring from her face by the time she was finished. She placed it in an envelope sealed it and went to the owlry as fast as she could. The letter was sent and she knew within a short time all ties will be cut off. She knew that when she left school any connection between it and her parent's house will be cut off and she would have to register her parent's house to be connected to floo or other forms of connection to the wizarding world.

She saw the owl fly away and almost called the bird back but decided against it. As she was walking away from the owlry she received a letter. It was delivered by a dark raven type bird but far too large to be a real one. There was no doubt as to who sent her the letter. She took the letter from the bird and it flew away.

The envelope was a deep green with black lettering. She opened it and read the cultured writing.

Miss Granger,

I am pleased that you have made the wise decision to join my ranks to become one of my loyal followers. Let there be an understanding that you are joining out of your own free will and I expect no less diligence in your studies and loyalties than that of any other Death Eater.

Mr. Potter will be released in return for you. I will expect you to return in two night's time. I will have an escort bring you to Malfoy manor. Then you will arrive the next day at the Hall. Dress well for the occasion as it will be one of celebration.

Concerning your studies you will show as much discipline as you had during your years at Hogwarts. As tradition requires you are to be given a new name when you are taken as an apprentice.

Lord Voldemort.

The letter held a strange tone to it, formal and yet there was a message there telling her there was more planned for her. She was aware of the naming ceremony for apprentices and the strict rules regarding her duties. What surprised her was why she was going to be so formally trained. Any other time this would be seen as a huge honor but this offer frightened her to chills.

From what she learned of Voldemort he was not a man to make rash decisions nor was he one to waste time teaching those he thought unworthy of his knowledge. She needed to speak with Snape to get some clarification on a few matters that she would most likely face.

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Snape was busy with inventory and logging the dates they were purchased. This was already done two weeks ago when he needed an excuse to clear his mind.

Hermione saw Snape shelving bottles and was about to turn back until she heard her name being called. "Miss Granger, do me the honor of telling me what you want. I am rather busy at the moment."

She held out the letter she received earlier that day. "Tell me what is going on and please spare me the barbs of sarcasm along the way."

He turned to her and took the letter, read it and gave it back to her. "You are reading too much in it."

"Why would he...?"

"What Miss Granger? Why would he want to control and train one of the famous trio? Why would he want to direct your talents to suit his wishes? Don't seek anything further as you'll find you are nothing more than a tool he wishes to use."

Part of her was crestfallen to hear that she was used once again. But she was sure that there was more to it than that. On a very selfish level she wanted to be seen as worthy and be accredited for her talents and intelligence. Though terrible as Voldemort is she felt a little pride that he sought to train her.

Snape saw the emotions pass in her face and he wasn't going to back down. "Don't tell me, you thought he saw you as worthy as someone. Don't fall into such illusions for they're a trap. He will never see you as worthy for anything other and some common mudblood whore to be used by his true followers. If I didn't know any better I'd think you were proud of that letter. Is that it Miss Granger? You enjoy being toys for powerful arrogant men who use and manipulate you? Is that the reason you wrote that letter to return? It wasn't as if I didn't try to change your mind."

Her hand was caught before it got near his face. Instead of going into a tirade like before, she pulled away only to be pulled back towards him. He held his wand to her head. "Don't believe you have any real protection any more. You are very much alone and it is your doing. The rules of the game are no longer in your favor. Your actions caused quite a ripple amongst the Death Eaters and now Lucius and Narcissa need to show they are indeed dominant over you."

"I knew it would be dangerous. I am not some child."

"Yes and now you will not be treated or punished like one. You outed yourself as a powerful calculating witch and you will be treated with the same cruelty that was and is used to break countless strong witches like yourself. No child but that doesn't make you grown up enough. An adult would not have entertained the thoughts of being trained by the Dark Lord."

"Who has the strength to resist him?"

He pulled her close enough to whisper in her ear. "Harry Potter. Who is at this moment being tortured by said Dark Lord." He let her go and walked into his office slamming the door behind him.

Hermione was numb. During the year she felt humiliated, embarrassed and felt pain in areas of her body and mind she never knew she could feel pain. This shame was worse. It was deep and splintered like glass cutting her open from the inside out. What was happening to her? How did this happen? The pain of it all is unbearable but she knew that she earned every ounce of it. In the end Harry needed to be the one who is saved. Her life didn't truly matter either way. All around her would ask her to sacrifice her self eventually.

"So I will."

As long as she and Harry were friends Harry will always try to rescue her at the risk of himself and even the Order. She returned to Griffindor tower and started the process of saying goodbye.

.....

Ron watched as Hermione walked down to the common room. They spoke only a handful of words since she came back and he hated how everything had changed between them in so short a time.

“Oi! Hermione, wait! I want to talk to you.”

She didn’t want to knowing what was going to be said. “Alright.”

He grimaced at her cool tone. “I know we’re past the point of being friend’s anymore. I also know that the next time we meet we’ll be in opposite sides with wands pointed at each other. I overheard some talk from Snape and Dumbledore and put together what is going on. You’re doing back to get Harry’s freedom.”

“You would do the same Ron.”

“No, I’d be the stupid git that would get caught because I rushed in there not thinking.” He stood a foot away from her. “I love you.” His lips locked with hers and his arms held her tight as tears rolled down his face.

Hermione let him. She wanted this. To be held by someone who truly loved her. She began to kiss back with as mush passion as Ron. They broke apart and Hermione ran out of Griffignor tower and composed herself in the girl’s bathroom.

She saw herself in the mirror. “Who am I now?”

An hour later her escort brought her back to Malfoy manner.

.....

Alright, that took time to write. Please review. Onto the next chapter. But a warning. It contains graphic sexual content. If you are offended please skip it.

Here is another long chapter. Be warned THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS GRAPHIC SEXUAL CONTENT. If you are one who is offended by this PLEASE SKIP TO THE NEXT CHAPTER. You have been warned. Nothing of Harry Potter is mine. Please review if you read.

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Hermione needed no one to tell her that Lucius and Narcissa were more than pleased that their pet came back home. They stood before her in her old room but things were different now. She wanted to believe that they saw her as a strong smart witch to respect. The look Lucius gave her told her otherwise.

Things have greatly changed since the last time Hermione saw the inside of the Manor. She in a way held some control, then. Now she could feel the power of the place and the static in the air created by her now captors. The bond was the strongest it had been in many months. Now two minds were forcing one to submit. Things became a little blurry and she wondered if the original spell that first affected her was taking over. It wasn't.

The air was thick with a soft scent she recognized as arousal, heady with a taste of spice and florals. Lucius started off what would be a very long night. His voice whispered his command in a breathy tone between silken lips. "Strip for us mudblood. Slowly."

Narcissa was smiling and sitting at the edge of the bed awaiting a promising performance. The spice in the air emanated from her in a tone set to distract and draw in their little pet like a chain. Hermione looked at them both and saw that in every way possible she would be enslaved and enchanted. One more fight is all she wanted. One more chance to show she was not some weak victim.

"Go to hell."

She was rewarded with a slap in the face. The spell around her spun and twisted through her. The connection was made and a strange sense of loneliness went through her. She was cut off from all those that loved her and lust filled its place. Her breathing grew stronger as their lust entwined with the aroma of spice and florals.

"I want her to scream Lucius."

Narcissa glided from the bed and held Hermione so Lucius could have an easier time violating their pet. "Oh we'll both feel it my dear." His hands were at her chest lifting each breast squeezing them to show Hermione he could do anything he wanted with her. "So ripe, Narcissa. So fine a pair of fruit. Shall I peel away the layers to suck upon the sweetness that is our pet?"

"I insist." She licked her lips and placed her head next to Hermione's to get a better view. Lucius tore Hermione's robes open exposing her breasts. With his thumb he began to massage one nipple, hardening

it. He did the same to the other. Hermione could feel the combined lust of them, suffocating her. Her resistance only wore her out weakening her further.

Narcissa whispered into her ear. "Why do you resist? We both know you want to give in. You're a garden of delights for us to play. Fragrant, succulent, divine."

"Passionate, intoxicating, wild."

"Let us play Hermione. Join in our game of delights." Narcissa began nibbling Hermione's ear. Lucius took his time removing his coat and vest. He watched as Hermione slowly broke away from fighting and fell longingly into Narcissa's kiss. The amount of lust was powerful, coming off of all of them in waves. He almost fell into that abyss.

Narcissa broke off the kiss and handed Hermione to Lucius. His lips captured hers and she eagerly returned with a passionate force. They writhed against each other, building up a tension that would need some release soon.

"Lucius, you're spoiling out pet. She should be punished for not returning sooner."

He pulled away earning a moan of frustration from Hermione. "That is true. Narcissa she is dressed in rags." He turned to Hermione. "Take everything off...slowly."

The direct orders brought her back from the abyss she was so willingly to be thrown. There was a part of her still that resisted and would not stand to simply obey. There was a part of her that knew she would be punished for it and another part that wanted them to. "No."

"No? My dear Lucius our pet is barking back at us."

"Our pet needs to be punished. Imperio!"

Hermione wasn't fast enough and found herself awash in that blissful state. Her mind went foggy then she heard a command.

“Take all your clothes off. Show us you enjoy this.”

Hermione began lifting up her skirt to expose her underwear that she took hold of and began pulling down as she lowered her skirt. Next she lifted up what was left of her blouse and threw it off behind her causing her breasts to bounce for a moment. Her shoes and socks came next. To remove them she turned away from them, spread her legs and bent over. She reached from side to side to remove them.

Lucius removed the curse. He wanted to see her reaction and punish her further if she resisted again. To his mixed pleasure he found Hermione taunting them. It was part of their twisted game.

Hermione slowly pulled up the remaining skirt exposing her backside. She knew they would find entertainment in some form so she decided to control this part of the game. ‘I am no victim.’ As she threw off the skirt she quickly sat on the bed, crossed her legs and covered her breasts. She hugged them so tight they bulged giving the two something to look at.

She looked at Lucius who was by now ready to end the game and ravish her. Narcissa knew only too well the game Hermione was playing. The older woman’s cold stare played out many scenarios. Those eyes would determine how long the game would continue. Narcissa walked to the edge of the bed and pulled Hermione to her feet then tied her arms behind her back forcing her breasts forward.

Narcissa was taunting Lucius. Hermione was one step ahead and spread her legs a little and reached back to kiss Narcissa on the nape of her neck. Lucius stepped forward only to be pushed back by Narcissa. “Not yet my husband. Do you love her breasts? Look how young and firm they are.” Hermione moaned as a finger and thumb played with a nipple. She was falling into the abyss once again but was determined to take one of them with her.

She hissed his name. “Luciusss. You want your way with me? Luciusss mmm...”

“Look at her firm young ass my husband, round and ready for a ride.” She smacked Hermione’s bottom and was rewarded with a yelp. They kissed and Hermione was writhing from hands caressing all the right areas of her body. Narcissas fingers moved faster at the mass of curls then entered between the folds. Hermione moaned in Narsissa’s mouth.

All three could feel the build up and each could feel the other’s arousal. Lucius was in pain from his restraining pants. Just about when Hermione would find release Narcissa pulled her hands away, denying them all their much wanted release.

The kiss was broken and Hermoine was left panting as a tear rolled down her face. She wanted release now. Wanted it and would beg if needed to. But Narcisa wasn’t done teasing Lucius.

“Look our bitch is wet Lucius. I wonder how she tastes. Tell me my pet do you taste good? How do you taste?” She placed her fingers in Hermione’s mouth. Hermione in turn liked and sucked while staring at Lucius.

The fingers were removed when they were fully cleaned. “I taste of lust Lucius. Sweet and young. Do you want to taste me? Lucius will Narcissa give you permission?”

Lucius was beyond reasoning but his practiced mask held the rage of lust that could devour all of them. “Come to me girl. Now!”

Both women smiled knowing they pulled away the mask. Hermione looked into Narcissaas’s face. “Do I have your permission my mistress to go to your husband?”

The game would become dangerous but really fun from here. “No. If he wants you he’ll need to earn you. What will you do for this young sweet thing, Lucius?”

He blasted them both across the room. Hermione scrambled to get up with her hands tied behind her back. Narcissa stood up but wasn’t quick enough to draw her wand. “Accio wand. Now my wife, shall we

play a new game?" He threw Narcissa on the bed then tore at the fabric to make strips long enough to tie her hands to the posts.

"Let me tie her legs Master."

Lucius turned to Hermione who was kneeling, legs spread with her hands still tied behind her back.

"Changing sides are we?"

"I obey the dominant one. At the moment it's you."

He laughed a little. "You've been trained well my pet. But I'll finish tying her up." With a flick of his wand Narcissa was tied up spread eagle to the bed. "My pet, strip my wife. Tear the clothes if needed." Hermione's hands were set free.

Narcissa was upset the game had changed but the lust remained intact. "Yes, you little bitch. Strip me bare and ravage me. Do to me what Lucius could never do."

"And our pet will do to me what you are too old to do."

Hermione couldn't help but love the moments when Narcissa and Lucius truly fight. It always gives her more control over her situation. If only momentarily.

Narcissa was about to retort but yelped in pain as Hermione tore at the closed of the dress. The blouse was removed exposing Narcissa's ample breasts. They were beautiful but showed the delicate signs of age and motherhood. Her skirts and underwear came away easily.

"Master may I use some cord on your wife?"

"There's nothing to tie."

Hermione stroked one of Narcissa's breasts. "I disagree. But the cord is too short."

“I’ll take care of that.” A flick of a wand the cord extended by 3 meters.
“Go ahead my pet.”

Narcissa looked at Hermione and smirked as if to say. ‘You’re one of us now.’ Hermione hesitated for only a moment before playing with the cord.

Lucius was impressed with Hermione’s ingenuity. Though the cords were too loose due to inexperience. Thoughts of binding Hermione in the same manner came to mind. The women felt a new wave of lust go through them.

“Some other time my dear. Well my pet you haven’t been punished yet.”

“You’re right Narcissa. Now my pet, my wife needs her reward. Lick her to give her release.”

Hermione did this once before. She’ll take her time, make the older woman beg. As she started she felt a sting on her ass. She turned around and saw Lucius with a riding crop in his hands.

“How many times will I strike you before my wife is satisfied?”

The power games changed. One worked to give one release to send her pain the other to prevent release to keep the other in pain. She still held Hermione’s eyes and in her eyes said, ‘you are one of us now.’

The waves of pleasure shot through all three of them but the game wasn’t over yet. Narcissa was set free. She took her time before moving as she was still delighting from Hermione’s efforts.

“You took many blows to make me writhe. One would believe you enjoyed it.”

Lucius has enough of the games. His control was beginning to fall. He was lost as soon as he smelled Hermione’s hair. He pulled her close to him and kissed her, tasting his wife on her lips. His touch

was remarkably tender. Anyone who didn't know him would believe the tenderness was genuine.

Hermione knew different. His touch would be gentle, even tender followed by comforting words. He spun her around and forced her into a bruising kiss. It was relentless as it forced a moan of pain from her. She was thrown on the bed. Looking up she saw the savage look in his eyes and grew scared. He truly wanted to harm her, make her bleed for not returning to them when after she was captured.

Then a voice entered her head. 'Fight him.' She knew who it was. She almost blushed knowing who was watching her. 'Fight him, Hermione. You know how. You were taught.'

Fear doubled in her. No, she wouldn't do that. The savage look Lucius gave her, her strength grew mixed with fear of what was taught to her by Voldemort. But the feeling of hate filled her and now mixed with the growing lust. She prepared in time before he was brutally entered.

He screamed in pain and pulled out. Where frenzy was, anger took its place. Then he recognized the spell that was cast. "Bitch!" She was smacked in the face. The spell burned him each time he entered her and would continue to burn him until he brought both of them to completion.

All three felt the burning though Lucius felt it the strongest. He was a force of anger, lust and fear. He pounded into her causing her to scream in pain. He pulled at her hair harder after each thrust. Then they found release and all three of them fell into a state of calmness.

Lucius stood and dressed himself only showing mild discomfort from the burning. He looked down at Hermione with a sneer as if he won some argument. Hermione stared back at him not sure how she was feeling as she was just coming back to herself. The web connecting them was weakening. She felt shameful for her actions and a raw bitterness rolled inside her. She enjoyed what she did, all the power games and even watching them suffer. The terror of falling deep into the mindset of these monsters was intense.

Narcissa watched her husband leave the room. Her eyes carted to the young naked woman on the bed. "You played the game well. Crafty enough to be a Slytherin. Unless you learn to fully enjoy holding power over another you'll be devoured. There are no victims who serve the Dark Lord."

"I did what I needed to do."

"Don't shy away now. You enjoyed toying with Lucius. Burning him in so tender an area."

There was nothing that Hermione could say. She did enjoy it, all of it. Narcissa smiled at her. "We've one Hermione, you are one of us now. Tomorrow you'll bow to your new master."

Hermione was left to her own thoughts and shivered with the realization that she was well past the point of now return.

'Welcome to your new family.'

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That took a long time to write. If you enjoyed please review.

Here's the next chapter. Please read and review.

.....

The next morning Hermione woke up numb. The events from last night ran through her head. Oh, it did happen as she remembered the fingers the taunting and her own lust filled words. Before she would have said or convinced herself that it was all part of the bond but that would be a lie. It was her and she fully enjoyed the power games and they enjoyed her playing it.

Snape warned her of the consequences of traveling this road. This was only the start to a nightmare that would only end with the end of Voldemort. His words still echoed in her mind and surrounded her. A shiver ran through her of his voice and the intoxicating effect he held over her. It was a dangerous sensation that made death enticing enough to fall into. The silkiness of it wrapped around her calming and draining her.

She snapped out of it. Those thoughts upset her, making her loose focus on what she needed to do to survive. Ron's kiss was still on her lips and it made her feel good and gave her strength to pull away from that tempting darkness.

The day wasn't going to drag on as she had hoped but spun away from her. Holding onto the minutes of each hour was like holding sand in her clenched fist. There was no use holding on. She went too far and didn't take the advice she was given. How stupid and naïve she was to think that she could do anything in this twisted game. Being a child amongst adults that new the moves three steps ahead of her. How did Harry do it?

Her robes were chosen for her and a note telling her what time she is to be prepared. She showered and dressed in the robes provided. To her surprise her wand was returned to her once again.

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Voldemort stepped into the cell provided for Harry. He appraised the young man and was pleased with the results of the sessions. The boy looked worn and now was jumpy when he heard the swish of a wand.

He had second thoughts about releasing such a wonderful prize. All these years he held Harry Potter under his thumb. That was a delicious thing to think about. All his plans would come together in the end as they always did.

Harry was finishing the last of his meal that he ate in earnest. Fearing that it would be taken away if left too long to eat. It didn't settle too well with his stomach but dismissed his discomfort as eating too fast and the starvation he suffered through.

"Was the meal satisfactory?"

"As well as could be expected. Are you going to make another offer of power and servitude again?"

"Only if you accept."

"No, don't think I will."

Harry looked at Voldemort in one of his few chances to study the man before him. Each time he did he saw how human he truly was. The signs were subtle as in how he held his wand when he was irritated or how he stood when he showed fatigue. Everything was disguised masterfully.

"I have one question for you Voldemort. Why have you changed your plans? After all these years you finally have me and you decide to trade me for Hermione. What is she to you?"

Voldemort didn't answer the question. He brought Harry out of the cell to the Hall where things were being set up for a large event. To keep Harry out of trouble he was chained to the throne like chair where Voldemort sat and gave orders. Harry was also made to bow on all fours with his head facing the floor, preventing him from viewing the activities of the Hall. All he could see was the floor and on a few

occasions Voldemorts shoes and the hem of his robes. Harry wasn't acknowledged until the festivities began.

.....

There was great ceremony involved when Hermione arrived. The Hall was lavishly decorated and every Death Eater was dressed in their finest clothes. She was dressed in a deep blue. They were formless robes, simple and practical.

She saw Harry standing next to Voldemort. Harry showed signs of punishment but none the less was well aware of his surroundings. Both of them seemed to be in conversation and subtle signs of hissing could be heard.

"Harry I am willing to make the offer one more time."

"And I am more than willing to refuse one more time. Why do you always ask when you know my answer?"

"Entertainment. And I will greatly entertain myself with Hermione."

"I was under the assumption that the Malfoy's see her as their exclusive property."

Voldemort looked down at Harry for the first time during their conversation. "What is theirs is also mine to use."

Harry remained quiet after spotting Hermione. She looked at him but didn't smile or try to walk towards him. Instead she turned away and began to seek out someone in the crowd. This was not lost on Voldemort. "She has turned from you. Or she will soon."

"She's loyal enough to get me free."

"Say that after she takes the Dark Mark. She'll kill under my orders."

The time for banter was finished. Shortly afterwards the ceremony had started. There were others there that were to be initiated as Death Eaters. All ages it seems. Then the ceremony came to a

pinnacle where Hermione was asked to approach Voldemort and bow with Harry standing at his side. "My brethren. We invite a new member into our family. One that has made a great decision of her own volition. I also inform you that I will allow Harry Potter to return to Dumbledore."

Hermione remained bowed to the floor not looking up. Harry looked down at Hermione willing her to look up at him to give him any sign that she wasn't doing this out of her own free will. Voldemort continued to speak and Harry continued to watch not taking his eyes off of his friend.

Voldemort stepped towards Hermione within two feet of her. "You shall be given a new name. Arise as Atra and no other name will you use until you have completed your apprenticeship." Hermione rose and the ring was placed on her finger. It bleed as it fixed to her skin. It would never be removed until the apprenticeship was over. "Now Atra, bow and take the Dark Mark."

Hermione bowed and held out her arm. The spell burned and lasted for what seemed forever. She screamed in spite of herself, rousing laughter and jeers of the other spectators in the Hall. It was then she looked up at Harry who was by now angry and most of all saddened by the event. She smiled at him then reverently at Voldemort.

Harry looked away not wanting to see her face again. 'She's one of us now Harry. She'll kill for me now.'

'Hermione is still on the side of light. I know it.'

'Not for long. She'll kill for me now.'

"Atra I want you to choose one person in this hall to kill. Keep in mind they have the right to defend themselves."

Hermione thought a moment and looked at the crowd. There were so many faces. So many that she wanted to be rid of. Was she ready for this? She was keeping a convincing mask on the whole time up until now. Then she found him. Oh, yes he would be perfect. She knew

this was a test of loyalty in more than one fashion. "I choose Bellatrix."

The crown half laughed, half muttered. But Bella was not fazed and walked out proud, ready for a fight. "Ready child?"

"Ready old woman?"

The two women circles each other waiting for the right moment. Bellatrix was skilled and one could see anticipation in every feature of her body, even in the movement in her clothes. She was not someone to cross unless one held expert knowledge in fighting.

Hermione wasn't going to back down. She felt a cold chill go through her as the thought of actually killing this woman and the enjoyment of seeing her dead body on the ground. Was that her talking? She didn't care at this point as she had gone too far and would either end up dead or worse.

"Come on pretty little pet. Let's play."

They both stood still eyes matching eyes until they breathed in synchronicity.

One.

Wands raised.

Two.

Light.

Three.

The clattering of wood hitting the floor.

Above the wand was a frozen body with tendrils of mist creeping away as the beginnings of thaw began. The next spell pushed the body over causing a cascade of frozen, fractured body parts across the floor. Most of it still encased in the half frozen robes.

Voldemort looked at the victor with mixed emotions. Either way he attcheived what he wanted. "Atra, you have done well. But due to your actions I am missing a very loyal and important follower."

She bowed on all fours. "Then do me the honor of replacing her."

Harry grew cold. This wasn't happening. He knew she was a good at lying when needed but there would be no way she could fool Voldemort. She turned.

"How could you? After all that was done for you. How could you do this?" Harry was visibly shaking and tears ran down his face.

Hermione looked up with a confused look on her face. She didn't understand him. He soon realized that none in the room could accept for one other. "It seems that you can only speak parseletonge now. It was a little spell to keep you isolated. Good luck in breaking the spell and communicating to the Order when you return."

Voldemort took an item from his robes and threw it towards Harry. Instinctively Harry blocked the item with his arm and it made contact with him. He vanished instantly.

Harry was thrown to the ground and found himself just outside of Hogwarts. He ran towards the school to sort out his voice and to inform everyone on what had happened.

.....

I am sorry this chapter was so short. I'm trying to finish this story and hope to get the last chapters done within the month. Please leave a review.

I'm back. Sorry for the delay for those that enjoy this story. Hopefully you'll enjoy it. If you do please review. Also I own nothing.

.....

Harry raced towards the school shouting at the top of his lungs. The castle was so close but he was exhausted after the past few days and shot off a distress flare with his wand. He fell to the ground in an ungracious heap.

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The crowd looked on in a savage but controlled rage. One of the top Death Eaters was killed by a new one. Some remained silent waiting for their master's verdict. The more uncivil were placing silent bets on whether she'll hit the ground in a minute or two. As for Voldemort, he simply stood by and smiled at the young woman who showed such skill for her age.

"Well done young Atrax. Yes, your new name is only temporary until your training has finished. And seeing that you killed one of my most skilled assassins you won't train for long."

Hermione was numb but couldn't succumb to it completely as the Malfoys were full of pride and kept her alert as to whom she was standing in front of. "Now my followers don't bemoan the death of Bellatrix. She was a fine example of a loyal follower and a reminder that even the most loyal can succumb to new followers. Now feast tonight for in a few days we shall attack and you need to save all your energy for one of the greatest battles you will fight."

The Death Eaters retreated to partake in various activities of all levels of depravity. Voldemort turned to Hermione and smiled. She was almost his. So much power at his command. "Lessons start tonight Atrax. Come with me."

She was brought to a room where she saw a young man tied to a table naked and screaming. There was a silencing curse placed on him. There were three other Death Eaters around him cursing him, cutting him and healing him over and over. The only way you knew

he was screaming was from his face that held tears running down the sides of his face.

Then it hit her. The young man looked almost identical to Harry. She noticed the work done on the young man to alter his features to look like Harry. It was a shame that such skill was used in so horrid a fashion.

"Now Atra, show me your skills. It's said that if one inflicts enough pain the silencing curse will be lifted. Show me you can do that." Voldemort stood behind her. All eyes were on her waiting to see her perform. Some were still out of breath from all their fun and held a demented lust in their eyes. They were not going to be denied their fun. She noticed their robes were a little tattered, their bodies beaten and twisted in some ways due to ill use of dark magic. Together they resembled a pack of animals rather than humans.

There was no way she was going to resemble them. This was the first time she ever saw herself above others and with that she felt contempt for them. She decided she wasn't going to what was asked of her. A hand on her shoulder told her that not doing so would land her in the same position as the boy on the table. She didn't care. "I will not do this!"

"Oh, you will."

"What is it you want from me? To become one of these animals that call themselves wizards? To show that I enjoy killing?" She turned, raised her wand and began to recite the killing curse.

He grabbed her arm before she could finish. "Don't kill him Atra. Break the silencing curse on him."

Raising her wand she was ready with a spell but at the last minute ran from the room. The only thing she heard was laughter that came after her entrance. There would be consequences for her actions later but she refused to add to another's suffering for pleasure of others. They hadn't touched that part of her yet. There was still a part of her that wasn't damaged or tattered.

She found her way to a library of sorts and sat at one of the old desks. There were books at the table all filled with Dark Arts. All the books around her were the same. Everything was dark in this place and it made her long for the little girl she once was that looked up information in a search for knowledge itself. Where did that land her? Why couldn't she have been one of the simple girls that cared for hair, boys and simple tricks? She had to always search and dig. And it brought her here. It wasn't fair. Too much thinking brought her here.

"You wouldn't have had it any other way." Voldemort stood in the doorway and walked towards her. "You would have ended up here eventually. The wizarding society, like your muggle schools punish excellence unless it supports fools. Your mentors would eventually tell you to stop looking, stop searching and simply accept their narrow point of views."

Hermione knew not to speak. She knew most of what he said was true or at least that is what she believed.

"Atra, you are not like other witches. You are correct in saying that you are not one of those contemptible creatures. I would never have taken an interest in you otherwise. You'll be a very powerful witch one day but only if you are to break down the barriers that hold you back. Morals get in the way of learning. Your muggle scientists use the most immoral tests to create new medicines and technology."

"I don't need to be a great witch. I don't want those barriers broken down. They are there for a reason."

He scoffed. "They were set up for you as they were set up for me. I wanted to learn and be challenged. That's all I ever asked for. There are so many like yourself who are being held back and having their talents squandered for the masses."

"Rules are put into place to protect people."

"They protect the weak and hinder the powerful. Did you never wonder why Harry Potter, the boy wonder who is destined to rid me off the face of this earth was always taught like an average wizard boy? He created a patronus at such a young age but his teachers

never pushed him further to make sure he held a greater understanding of magic to face me. Does that make sense to you?"

"Dumbledore wanted Harry to have a normal life. Everyone around him accept his closest friends either belittle him or worship him. Pulling him out of class to get extra attention would do him little good." She stood up and was shaking. He was getting too close for her comfort.

"Answer the question Atra."

"No, it doesn't make any sense."

He smiled knowing he was getting close now. "It's such a waste really. Harry Potter is an exceptional wizard or he will be if he lives long enough. He chose the wrong path again and again. I'll give him another chance to see the error of his ways. I always will. It would be an honor for me to train him. There are so few wizards and witches that can understand the power they hold."

"I don't believe you. Everything you do is calculated. From every word you speak right down to every hand gesture you make."

Soft laughter filled the room. "You believe I'm infallible. Wonderful compliment Atra. But we are digressing. You stated that there are rules in place for protection. You've broken so many of them while at Hogwarts. What does that say?"

He was cornering her. "That was at school. Harry's life was in danger and so was the school. Rules should be broken when one's safety is in danger."

"So rules that cause harm should be broken?"

"Yes."

"So the Ablemay laws should be broken?"

Now she was confused. "Those laws have no bearing today. They are one thousand year old laws to prevent wizarding families from becoming too powerful."

"They do have bearing today. Just try and arrange marriage based on skill rather than blood lines. The ministry will interfere as they are composed of weaker wizarding families that created the ministry to weaken the powerful."

"What is it you want? First you set things up to rid society of my kind or any you see fit to rid the world of and now you are telling me that the ministry is at fault for the failures of so called pure blood families. You're contradicting yourself."

Anger filled his features then abated with frustration.

She was sure she would be cursed but he simply walked towards her and sat across from her. He read her features and scoffed at what he assumed was her assumption that she was going to be cursed. "Cursing someone is an art form like anything else. Be honest , what is your opinion of me? What is my reputation amongst the students at Hogwarts?"

It took her a few moments to make sure what she was hearing was true and there were no other motives behind it. She took a little too long and he snapped at her.

"Answer the questions, Atra."

"The students at Hogwarts see you as the monster under the bed. The creature their parents use to scare them to behave or study harder. My opinion doesn't matter."

"I'll decide that. Now continue."

"You're calculating, cruel, far too intelligent for your own good and are vulnerable when you become fixated on something." She didn't want to say anything further. The thoughts scared her.

"Continue I know you are not done."

She took a breath to make sure she didn't stutter as she spoke. "You are one of the most powerful wizards besides Dumbledore because you know how to control your powers. I fear and admire that about you. I feel it's wasted on you because others can learn a lot from you but refuse to or are unable to because of your ego. That's not much different what the students at Hogwarts feel about you."

While she spoke he studied her. Her words were said out of haste, honesty and her raised heartbeat betrayed the fear that she felt.

When she was finished he was standing behind her holding her shoulders in his hands. "How honest of you. Skillfully spoken. I'll teach you what society and you yourself fear. But first those barriers must be broken down. You need to learn and you will learn your powers." One hand went around her neck, holding it gently but in a manner that showed her he could kill her with ease. Then the pressure built up and she fought down the fear that was threatening to overtake her. Soon her air supply was being cut short.

As the air became less and less easy to take in she remembered to keep calm and think of a quick way to get out this. She went for his fingernail and breathed in as he stepped back with a gasp of pain. Her wand was out, pointed at him.

He healed the nail easily and threw the wand out of her hand with a wave of his. A smile grew on his face. "I am not Lucius my dear Atr. That was rather muggle of you as well. What would you have done if Wormtail's hand was around your neck and you couldn't bend or pierce the skin?"

"What do you want from me?"

"You. I won't have to wait too long. You'll come to me willingly. I'm the only one that can teach you your potential."

"You said that to Bellatrix."

"And she reached it long ago. She was strong but couldn't go any further. There were limitations due to her insanity. Concepts that

needed to be understood where lost on her. It was her loyalty saved her life many times but that is as far as it went.”

Hermione was visibly shaking now. “I’ll never be loyal.”

“You won’t need to be.”

Hermione soon felt the connection between them grow and her mind was losing focus. It was as if she was becoming drunk and her thoughts grew dark. She resisted them as best she could. A spell entered her mind, a painful curse. It built up in her and she needed to release it soon.

“You know what you’ll have to do. Either release it or suffer from it yourself.”

It was so painful and knew she only had less than ten minutes until the curse would turn inwards and do its work on her. She picked up her wand and ran from the library to find anyone to curse. She was guided back to the room that she initially ran from. The Harry looking boy was half alive and looked at her for mercy seeing that she held that look before. But the pain in her was too great and she fired it full force at him. He did eventually scream aloud breaking the silencing curse.

He almost forgave herself when she thought it had killed him, ending his suffering then heard him speak. “How could you? You evil bitch.” Part of her broke and she walked out of the room and closed the door behind her to allow the other Death Eaters to finish what she started. Within seconds she heard the killing curse and hated herself that she didn’t use the curse on herself. She deserved to suffer not him.

She fell to the ground. A familiar figure slowly walked up to her. “Lucius, does this ever end?” He bent down and pulled her off the ground and held her. His musk and body heat comforted her for the first time. It was familiar and in some strange way safe.

“Never. But you are never the same person after each year. What burdens you now will be what makes you strong later. You need to rest.” He placed a sleeping charm on her and he carried her back in

his arms to the Manor by portkey to one of the many rooms and held her in his arms as they slept together.

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Harry woke the next morning with a start. He was confused at first where he was and ran out of bed in a panic. "Hermione!!"

He was surprised to notice that there were no other occupants in the Hospital Ward..

Madame Pomfrey came out in a rush to see what he was on about. "Harry it's alright, you're safe. Get back into bed and everything will be explained to you."

He kept hissing as he was trying to understand the situation he was in. After a few minutes the past few days came back to him and he calmed down, sat on the edge of the bed and began to sort out the memories. He kept trying to speak with Madame Pomfrey but stopped when he realized he could only speak parseltongue.

"Oh, yes Dumbledore mentioned about your speech problem. Here take this. It's a temporary fix until we can sort out that complicated spell that was cast on you."

The taste was bitter and dried his mouth out. After a few seconds of swallowing it a pressure built up in his throat in the area of his voice box. He started to cough to release the pressure. He began to spit up a large mound of black and sickly green viscous fluid. Falling on the floor it formed into a shape of a snake, not much different than Voldemort's snake Nagini.

Madame Pomfrey stepped on it and smudged the image to create a messy mark on the floor. "We don't need that floating around here and contaminating things. Try talking now."

"I have so many questions." He surprised himself when the words came out in English and not Parseltongue. "Herminie's...she's...where's Dumbledore."

“Right here Harry. You have questions as we all do but for now you need to rest. You have no doubt been put through a lot. One thing at a time.” Dumbledore stood next to the bed with an odd look on his face.

“Why did she go professor? She could have stayed here where it’s safe.”

“Safe isn’t always comfortable. Discomfort can lead one down away from what is safe. More will be explained later. So you will have to excuse an old man’s riddles for just a little longer.”

Harry knew from the tone of voice he would have to be patient and wait it out. Dumbledore was in a controlled calm state. “Sorry, Professor.”

“That’s quite alright Harry. First Hermione returned to save you. It was love that did that. It was her love for you and everyone around her that gave her the courage to face what she forced to face. The only thing we can do for her is not judge her or her actions. The world of magic goes far deeper than most of wizarding society will ever understand. We will not talk any more on that.

“Second, the potion that you were given is only a temporary fix. It will allow you to speak up to a thousand words per vial and you can only drink one vial a week so save your words. They are very valuable. Even writing them uses them up. Just nod if you understand.”

Harry nodded and was upset about this but couldn’t do anything about it. He simply let Dumbledore continue. So far all he or the Order could do is wait and prepare. There was something planned by Voldemort and at this point there is very little the Order could do.

“Harry, the Order must go into hiding. We must be the shadows for a time. Tonight we will leave. It has all been planned out. Now I need to know if there is anything you learned while being kept captive by Voldemort that you believe is important information. Remember, you have an English word limit.”

“He never told me anything. He only gloated and kept trying to get me to join him. I kept refusing.”

Dumbledore nodded. “Very well, read this and get ready.”

The paper was detailed and there was no room for error for the plan to work out. He left and made his way to his room. It seems things have already been prepared in advance. All he had to do was be at the right place at the right time.

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More on the way. Please review. I love them sooo much.

Well if you are enjoying so far continue. Oh, yea I own none of this.

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The smell of rich musk and a masculine odor surrounded her. A hand held her stomach possessively and was caressing the smoothness of her skin. She remained motionless for a moment enjoying the simple and unusual gentleness of it. It amazed her how such a hand that killed so many could be so gentle. It was true. Lucius did enjoy touching soft things.

Her eyes looked over at the bed sheets she was on. They were silk. His bed sheets were always silk or satin. Always soft materials. The same went for his clothes. All of them were tailored in the finest and softest of materials a wizard was able to buy. Anything he touched his skin was soft.

As she made the attempt to get up but the hand that held her pulled her in. He breathed in the scent of her hair. "You have a long day today. Just rest a little longer. There's no harm in that, is there?" This was the first time Lucius asked anything of her. It was then she realized he needed her to be there. She, Narcissa, the silk, satin and all the soft things comforted him. They were his true escape, well hidden behind all his contempt and snobbery.

"He's expecting me."

"He never said when."

That was true. She enjoyed this small indulgence. But eventually the call of nature forced her away from his arms. She placed the pillow she used in his arms. He reluctantly took it but it seemed to pacify him and he fell back to sleep.

She wasn't sure how she got back to the Manor but at this point it didn't matter. It made her feel a little better to be away from it all for a moment. Her wardrobe seemed to have expanded since she left. None of this mattered at the moment as she found a note informing her of what she would be wearing for the duration of her training.

Hermione then returned to her wardrobe and found simple back robes. She was also quick to notice that there were seven more just like them.

Fully dressed and her hair tied up she made her way to the kitchens to get something to eat. The house elves prepared breakfast for her. She was a little numb and hated the feeling. It made her feel unprepared for what was coming. In an attempt to shake the feeling off she reached out to Lucius or Narcissa. That failed as both of them were still asleep or incapacitated in some form.

After eating she spent time in the library. There were more interesting books in the study but she felt uneasy being in there. The Ablemay Laws were in her mind. She needed to know why Voldemort was so interested in them and what significance they held today.

There were a few books on the subject. She only knew a little from Binns history class. It was mentioned only for one class. The book she held contained far more information.

It is henceforth illegal to arrange marriage for the purpose of strengthening power as seen as a threat to the common wealth and new Ministry. No marriage of two persons of same skill, profession for more than two generations shall be permitted marriage.

In as such there will no longer be laws set up to prohibit marriage amongst muggles or other humans that do not show signs of magic.

This was only a small section of the passage. Ablemay was the wizard responsible for this law to be enacted and was one of the first one hundred to form the Ministry of magic.

Turning the page she saw the top seven wizarding families that were punished for not following the laws. Many of them survived to this day others had their names changed to protect the family line and secrets. Slytherin, Wycolt, Pains, Potter, Malfoy, Affin and Briggs were all dismantled or forced to yield to Ministry demands.

The next chapter went on to describe the horrid punishments undertaken if a family was caught disobeying the now Ablemay laws. Women who became pregnant were killed after the child was born and the child would be raised by another family. The child would never know its true heritage.

There was encouragement for bloodlines to stay pure as families believed that their power can remain within the lines if no muggle or squib personages entered.

So that is what Voldemort was so angry about. His family had to go into hiding. But why would this matter to him. There is nothing that can be done about that now. Unless he controlled the Ministry. It hit her. He was planning to overturn the Ablemay laws.

"The more in depth books are in the study."

"Why couldn't you simply get the wizarding families to vote to overturn the Ablemay laws? Surely they would do so when they know what the Ministry is doing."

He was impressed to a degree. She figured part of the plan out. "They wouldn't listen. Too many generations of one line of thinking. The pureblood families don't want to give up their prestige. They enjoy it far too much."

"What part do I play in this?"

"You want to know?"

"Yes, I do."

"You are a perfect example of why the Ablemay laws were placed into effect. The most powerful would marry the most powerful and lesser wizards would bow before them. As it should be." He walked towards her with something in his eyes. It was beyond simple lust.

Hermione looked into them and felt an overwhelming urge to fall under his power. It radiated around him and intoxicated her. This was the first time she noticed how powerful he was and only felt

something similar when around Dumbledore. They held a power that was deep and could be called on command with little focus. Fear filled her at the thoughts of what they could accomplish if they actually focused.

She stepped back to collect her thoughts. His eyes were on her still, with that penetrating glare and a smile that told her that he knew what she was feeling. "You too will have that power one day." He stepped closer to her. His breathing was heavy but in control. He walked behind her and held her to him making sure she felt the full force of his power.

Her eyes fluttered shut as his power radiated through her giving her a small high. Thoughts of using glorious spells of wild power filled her; spells of such intricate design and force, spells all that were in her grasp. She laughed a little reveling in it all and for one small moment she thought she could easily do those spells now. 'This spell is one of my own creation, you use it on another to enter their minds and wipe clean any knowledge they hold of magic. Excellent for punishment of the disloyal. Their knowledge can be returned to them.' The victims played before her. Each of them fell to their knees as the most beautiful swirl of blue surrounded them. She never knew there could be so much beauty in such dark spells.

"Atra, all of this I'll give you but you must give up your barriers and go beyond them."

Hermione was beginning to refocus. "Yes. I'll do anything that is needed. So much beauty in it all."

"There is beauty in everything. Especially death. I want you to show me how beautiful it can be. Aveda Kadarva are not the only words that cause instant death. There are other spells. The Ministry never allowed them to be taught. Only the highest ranking of Aurors know of them."

She turned to look at him. "You want me to kill."

“You will choose. I’ll arrange it. They can die in any manner you see fit. But four must die by your wand by the end of this day. I’ll give you one hour to think about whom you will kill then we leave.”

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The air was warm and held that old plaster smell that old buildings always have. It calmed her for it reminded her of a library where she could focus and study. The bed she sat on was soft but well worn and sank at where she sat. The form lying on the bed looked up at her and smiled.

“Are you an angel?”

“No, but I’ll help you go to one. You’ve been in a lot of pain?”

“Yes. The doctors give me medicine but I never feel better.” The child was no more than six years old and was at death’s door. Her skin was pale and eyes sunken. Cancer had won the battle.

“You’ll feel no pain soon.”

“Am I going to sleep? That’s the only time I am not in pain. I sleep a lot now.”

“Yes, just close your eyes and go to sleep.”

The girl closed her eyes trusting Hermione as she disguised herself as a nurse. She held the wand at the girl’s chest and shot a pink mist around the girl’s body. The second spell cast was invisible but one could see the pressure on the young body preventing any air from entering the lungs. After five minutes the girl was dead.

Hermione turned around to Voldemort who disguised himself as one of the doctors. His glamour spell worked wonders. But he couldn’t hide his disappointment. “I wasn’t going to hurt her. I killed her like you requested but I made sure she felt no pain.”

“You must be far more creative for your next victim.”

They apparated from the hospital to the next location she chose. Hermione found herself in a regular muggle house in her old neighborhood. This was a home of a man that haunted her for years. It has been almost ten years since she was inside these walls and that same sense of dread filled her. Tears fell from her face.

She walked into the living room and saw him watching T.V. as if nothing had changed in his life. That's what struck her. He never changed. The trepidation she was feeling was pushed out with anger that she felt. "Hello, Mr. Brown. Are you doing well these days?"

He turned around and saw her. He stood up and smiled. "Well young Hermione. You've grown up. I was sorry that I couldn't watch as you went away every school year."

"I have grown up."

Then it dawned on him that she wasn't invited nor did he hear her enter. "How'd you get in here?"

"I'm a witch. A powerful one as well."

"A what?" His voice wasn't so confident anymore.

"A witch." She flicked her wand and the T.V. cracked and sparked. "I can do so much more than that. I can do that to you. I remember everything you did to me all those years ago. You're going to pay for them. No one should ever get away with doing such horrid things to a child. I was only nine! No one should have touched me in such a way!" She tore up the couch with her words. At this point she was shaking. "You blamed ME for it all! Said it was my fault!"

He tried to run but found himself in a full body bind. She walked over to him, bent down on one knee and spoke in a loud whisper. "It's all your fault. All of it. It's your fault for what I am going to do to you next. It's all your fault! CRUCIO!!"

Under her curse he screamed and writhed. She quickly placed a silencing charm on the house to make sure that his screams were not heard by anyone. "IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!! NOT MINE!!" She

enjoyed watching him scream and held the curse for another ten minutes. A hand held her arm to stop the curse.

“You’ll drain yourself. You are still new at this and the dark curses need a lot of strength.”

Hermione nodded and decided to end it. She looked down on her childhood pedophile, saw the sweat on his face and the abject fear he held for her. As she stared that fear turned to anger. After all the torture he had the nerve to be angry at her. “You are angry at me? You have no right! Now you’ll die. It’s all your fault! Aveda Kedarva!”

The deathly green light hit its target. The man lay there dead but held that look of anger on his face. How dare he?

“He was angry with me. How dare he be angry with me?” The rush of the Death curse still filled her. All the stories were true about it. It did make you feel powerful.

Voldemort smiled and quickly undid the binds that still held the body. He was proud of her and knew she needed to go further. She was only enjoying the man’s suffering for he did a great injustice to her and revenge was fuelling her. “You took your revenge against someone who thought they did nothing wrong.”

“The sick twisted fuck.”

“He’s dead Atr. Let him go.” He stood behind her and calmed her down. “Let him go. It’s never wise to dwell on those you killed.”

A loud knock at the door brought her back to the house they were in. Before they could apperate away two people banged the open. She didn’t place the silencing curse on the house soon enough. Of all the people to enter through the door she wished it wasn’t them.

“Hermione!” Her mother shouted. There were no words to describe the expressions on their faces.

They turned their eyes to Voldemort who was putting together who these people were. “Your muggle parents. They can’t have any

memory of this.” He was about to curse them but two flashes of green light hit them before he could utter a curse. They fell in a heap on the floor.

“I didn’t want you to kill them.” She fell to the floor at his feet numb inside.

He knelt down behind her and whispered into her ear. “I wasn’t going to kill them only alter their memories. One unnatural death can be ignored but three will be detected. Don’t ever assume anything. You gave me no time to explain. You killed the four that were required so the lesson is concluded for today. I’ll take you back to the Manor so you can rest.”

She didn’t resist as she was pulled up off the floor. The power of the killing curses still coursed through her and it overwhelmed her as well as weakened her.

Voldemort lifted her into his arms and apparated to the Manor. He placed her onto her bed and summoned a house elf. “Where is Narcissa?”

“Master, mistress Malfoy is in the parlor. Shall I go get her for you?”

“Yes, quickly.”

Within minutes Narcissa entered the room. “I can only assume you know what she is suffering from?”

“Yes, my Lord.”

“Then treat her. I’ll be back in two days time.” Voldemort vanished.

Hermione began to shake terribly and sweat. “What’s happening to me?”

“You’re suffering from the Dark Arts. Your body wasn’t used to doing so much of it in so short a time. You cast the killing curse too many times in too short a time period. In a day or two you will be alright. We all go through it.”

Her body twitched and spasmed in pain and never stopped for at least seven hours. Sleep evaded her and she was in dire need of it. Narcissa gave her a few potions to help with the pain but it did very little good. "There's not much one can do. You'll sleep in a few hours. After these two days you'll never have to feel that pain again. Your body will have adjusted to using such spells."

The words were lost to her as she shook and tossed about the bed. Eventually sleep did come to her but she didn't wake for four days.

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More to come. Well what do you think? Please review. I'm almost done.

I own nothing. Just having some fun. Please review.

.....

The next few days were difficult as she felt the drawbacks for casting so many unforgiveables in so short a time. As she rested for those days she pondered on not on how horrible she was feeling but rather how good the curses felt to cast. The power of the curses gave her a magical high. It was like she was alive and her body was filled to capacity with magic. The guilt she felt was there, knowing at her to forget the pleasure and focus on what she's done.

Hermione pushed the guilt away. There's always something wrong or a little off in her life. She was willing to give up guilt to prevent herself from falling further into darkness. Her intellect came into full force. Why should she be made to feel guilty? She needed to focus to keep her mind clear to help prepare for whatever lay ahead of her. Merlin only knew what she would be faced with and how she would handle it in the end.

Outside her door she heard Lucius walk towards his study. It was early so she was curious as to why he wasn't at the Ministry causing more problems for the Order. She left her room and made her way to the study. He was talking to someone in the fireplace.

"Lucius you must tread with care. Your position is precarious. She isn't trained well enough. He's only toying with her now."

"You think I don't know that Severus? I knew it since the first day he laid eyes on her. Have you any news of my son?"

"There was a pause. "Draco is doing well academically. It appears that Dumbledore has taken Draco under his wing. Draco's betrayal of his former friend wasn't well received by many house members. So I can only assume he's lonely and has turned to the old man for support."

What looked like relief filled Lucius' features. "Very well, make sure to tell Draco to be more discrete."

"He has. Only my self and Dumbledore know. Aside from Draco what are you doing to train her?"

"That's my business. Good day."

The flames turned to normal. He turned around to find Hermione standing in the doorway. He looked worried. "How much did you hear?"

"Train me for what?"

He paused a moment thinking of what to say. "You are not ready to be his apprentice. He demands far more than any are able to give. Whether I train you or not won't matter in the end."

Hermione wanted to defend herself. Who said she wasn't trained enough. That is why she was taken as an apprentice. That is that she told herself. She knew she was powerful and found out information that was never disclosed to any Death Eater she knew of. "Well will see in the end. If I am broken don't you and Narcissa feel the effects?"

"We have no choice in the matter you foolish girl."

She knew this conversation would get her nowhere and decided to take a different tactic. "Why did you become a Death Eater? You out of all that others never needed to become one."

Lucius sat at his desk sorting out some papers as he spoke. He studied her for a moment before answering. He decided to play along. "You want a story do you? Want to learn more about myself? See deeper into my soul and try to understand me? I'll tell you but there is a price."

"There always is. So what debasing thing would you have me do?"

"Oh, nothing like that. And shame on you for thinking such dirty thoughts. You are to brew a potion. Highly illegal. You do this then you'll get your story in full detail." He handed her a parchment.

Hermione gasped as he read the name of a spell that was on the paper. DeFuller's Brew. It's listed as one of the most potent mind control potions and there is no cure. Whoever drinks the potion will be forced to be loyal to the first person they hear speak to them. They themselves would be completely unaware they are under the potions curse.

"This isn't for your use. He'd never allow it. Why doesn't Snape brew this?"

"He's too old to brew it as you'll see in the instructions and there are so few under the age of thirty that have the skill to brew it."

Her eyes quickly read the parchment given her.

'The Potions Master must prepare one week in advance by eating only the most pure of fruits and vegetables. No meat of any kind must be eaten during this time. After one week the Potions Master must obtain one full handful of their blood. The blood must not be of a person older than the age of thirty as well the blood must remain frozen for five days. On the fifth day the blood must be used and added to the brew frozen.'

"I won't do it." She began to put together who wanted it and who it was for.

"But you want to. You were curious enough to know why Severus couldn't brew the potion. You always need to know. As for my story I am willing to tell you part of it."

There was a battle in her. She knew how as baiting her and if she heard part of the story she would need to hear the rest. She nodded and he continued.

"I was seventeen when I first met the Dark Lord. At that time he was a well known wizard and respected amongst my father's peers. I and my friends held only a curious interest in his plans as they never related to myself or to any of my friends. How wrong I was then. You see Hermione few feared his name then, though legend says

otherwise. It wasn't until his Death Eaters were seen more than he was that his name became unpronounceable out of fear." He started in on his paperwork.

She was waiting for him to continue then realized that she wasn't going to hear a single word more until the potion was brewed.

"Is the story worth it?"

He looked up at her and smiled. "I wouldn't have killed my own parents unless it was."

At that she was truly dismissed. She left with the paper in her hands and the whole time she wondered why she cared so much about his past. But she knew that Voldemort was very interested in having Harry as an apprentice and tore up the parchment and scattered the pieces on the floor. It was true she needed to know things but never at the expense of those she cared for.

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So sorry for this painfully short update. More on its way.

I don't own anything

I don't own anything. Just having some fun. This is the last chapter of this story. Please read and review.

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April 19th One year after Hogwarts attack.

I have been instructed to write a journal of the events from last year. Dr. Patchwich from St. Mungo's suggests that I write everyday starting with the day I was shattered. This is a form of new therapy to help retrieve some of my old self back. Everything has changed and all those around me make attempts to draw me back into whom they remembered I was.

I see their tension and allow them to witness me writing to assuage their growing tensions. From their reactions they feel I have grown colder and distant. They want me to be who I was before. I keep painfully reminding them that their friend they knew had not existed for some time now and will not return. There is no reason to be gentle with their feelings as they obviously don't see that I have changed.

My emotions are a curiosity that I analyze daily. Especially those emotions I felt when I was bonded. I look at the emotion that I felt when I was raped. I view it as I do a movie that I've seen so many times. There is no longer emotion attached to the scene but I simply mimic the words spoken and check to see if I missed anything.

But I digress. I was shattered and yet I have not fallen apart. I was bonded very quickly after the shattering took place at Hogwarts. That morning Lucius discovered I had indeed created the potion he asked me to make including all the detailed notes one would expect from a professional. Disappointment littered his features as he was bound to reveal a part of his past.

'You are never to repeat what I tell you Hermione.'

I will digress once again and write what he forbade me to repeat. One can call this a form of revenge if I felt such an emotion towards the man.

‘I have only changed in one aspect since my days at Hogwarts. I understand now what magic truly is.’

His story is interesting as it gave me a look into a part of wizarding society that muggle borns are not a part of. There is a culture and a mentality that holds ancient roots. From this story I understood where Voldemort found his power and why he is truly feared. All Voldemort used, was logic.

‘My father viewed mudbloods as powerful as he but never allowed me to befriend one. He never allowed me to view their world believing it would taint my view of things. Little did I know then he was simply keeping things the way they’ve always been. My childhood was stagnant, filled with useless parties and social gatherings to give me a sense of culture and sophistication. My world was that of old magic that was no longer fully understood. Anyone that attempted to unlock the secrets was viewed as anti-social and dark. Even in a family of dark wizards and witches.

‘There was nothing that I could keep secret from my family but any outsider would never hear word of my life. Every aspect of my life before Hogwarts was scheduled. When the letter arrived to say that I had been accepted to Hogwarts I knew I would finally have the freedom that I was denied for eleven years.

‘The first two years I took advantage of the freedoms I was given from my parents. All the books I could ever read, stories from other students and the knowledge I grew up the same as many of the other students. Well...students of a certain pedigree. As a youth I was free but found that the constant study of all the subjects was rather boring and that I wanted, as well as others, was to explore beyond the rules set for us.

‘Things remained the same until my seventh year when my friends and I found the confines of the school chafing and our home lives stifling. We heard about muggles breaking conventions and

experimenting with their lives, setting new boundaries. It was unbearable for us wizards and witches who contain so much power and yet have fewer freedoms than muggles.

‘One evening around the beginning of spring I heard about a wizard that broke conventions and was very powerful. The truth be told my friends and I saw him as a fake and soon would end up dead from misuse of the Dark Arts. But the stories told were better than anything read in books. We confessed that we were intrigued and wanted to learn more about this said wizard. Our opportunity came about three weeks later.

‘We found out that there was a student who was a follower of this wizard. You know him, trust him and believe he’s a good man Hermione. Severus was a year behind myself and very devoted to the Dark Arts. That will never change about him. You believe he’s a spy for the Order and that he is no longer a Death Eater. You stupid child, the Dark Lord never allows anyone to leave once they have taken the dark mark.’

‘I heard stories of others who had joined him. They used their magic so freely, with out guilt, without restraint it seemed. We relished the stories of being able to explore magic without it being called dark. It wasn’t until I met the Dark Lord himself that I understood restraint is always needed but one should never hold back when learning something.

It surprised me that Voldemort was not feared but made fun of even and seen as some crack pot dark wizard. I could not help but notice the playfulness in his words. Voldemort is indeed a complicated man.

‘The first Death Eater meeting I attended was not the grand ones you see today. They were rather informal and there was no dark mark then. That came a year later. The Dark Lord showed us purebloods the secrets of the ancient ways that have long been forgotten. It was the most delicious thing, to know knowledge that had been forbidden to you. To know things that our parents didn’t bother to find out but seemed so proud of due to our ancestors achievements.

‘When he first spoke to me he told me what I needed to know to be free of my family and to finally understand the ancient magic that surrounded Malfoy manor. There are more to these walls than expensive wall paper. For this information he demanded that I swear loyalty to him. I did and never looked back.

‘The Dark Lord taught me curses and magic I had never known I could go. The conditioning of what is and isn’t acceptable had to be removed. Yes Hermione, even the darkest of purebloods held back for many were too afraid they would die by the dark arts. The Dark Lord showed us a way past all the lies. Why do you think Dumbledore detests the dark arts so much? He knows how to use them.

‘My father was furious of course when he found out what I had been doing and made his feelings clear with a few rounds of curses. He hated that I learned something that the family didn’t know for centuries. I went against his express wishes and cursed me within an inch of my life.

‘While I was healing from my father’s round of punishments I knew I would never be free of him or the ignorance that surrounded my family. They were all content to simply let things continue as they have always had, allowing power to be given to those that don’t have true magic. Mudbloods filtered in all areas of society weakening the bloodlines. There were so many like my self and we took our chance at power. Why so surprised? Not all of his followers believe all that he stands for. They simply wanted a voice that gave permission to go beyond the boundaries set for them. Use that head of yours Hermione.

‘That night I killed my father then later the next day my mother who was returning from France. That is my story Hermione. I have no regrets.’

I stood before him in his study taking in all of his words. He seemed different to me now. Not some belligerent muggle hater but a man who was part of a generation that wanted change. Wizarding society holds a deep and dark past. He was at the forefront of his generations thinking and Voldemort took advantage of that. It all seemed so cruel to me then.

Shortly after his tale I had many questions being curious as I was and still am.

‘Have things changed? Do wizarding families know the old ways?’

‘In part yes.’

‘Did you teach Draco?’

He looked at Hermione as if he wasn’t sure he wanted to answer. ‘Yes, and he knows well to keep it to himself until he has an heir. Why do you care?’

‘You are not going to live for very long. Tell me what to expect when I’m shattered.’

Hermione looked down in sadness. For the first time she admitted that she will miss him. He no longer was some two dimensional villain. Lucius was a man with a family that he cared for and held a passion of beliefs that seemed to define him far better than his acts of cruelty.

‘Will you miss me Hermione? Have you grown feelings for me? It surely can’t be my story that swayed you so easily.’

‘You’re no different than me.’

He took her and shook her. ‘I am no filthy mudblood.’ He calmed down and caressed her face. ‘Such a shame you are. You would have been a goddess in this world. All that intelligence and skill would have been honored. But all you are is some weak bitch that has been tossed aside and used again and again.’ He stroked her face as he spoke knowing the affect it was having on her. He moaned as he spoke, insulting her.

‘I won’t be for long and you won’t be here to see it.’

He turned her around so her back was to his chest. He knew his days were numbered as the Dark Lord had marked her as his own. He didn’t want Hermione to see the anger that was on his face now. He

had a strong feeling this would be the last time he would feel her in his arms and he was going to take advantage of that fact.

Throwing her on the floor he ripped off her clothes. Hermione didn't fight him. She wanted him in her, taking her as she knew they would not do this again. Something in her told her something was going to happen soon. She could feel it from him. His motions were tender betraying the cruel look on his face as his hands craft fully caressed her body. He was devouring the tender softness of her and took in her soft feminine sent.

In turn she felt his chest and powerful arms. The masculine smell of sex surrounded her and intoxicated her. He could be any man but he had entered her mind now and was as much part of her as her own limbs. She cursed herself at her own weakness that he so cruelly pointed out. She was weak but not for long and soon everyone would know it. Tears began to form. She didn't want him to see her as weak. She wanted him to see her as a powerful witch in his eyes.

He liked her tears away and kissed her. She was his until his last breath. There was great potential in the young woman beneath him. He cursed the fact she was of filthy blood. Such a waste. But in the end she was his.

Soon after I learned about the plans for the attack on Hogwarts. It was not surprise the attack would come. I left the manor as I needed to see for myself what the outcome was going to be.

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Hogwarts Attack, one year ago.

Hermione stood up after a rather nasty blast from one of the death eaters. She made her way into the school after the wards were down. She got word the Voldemort was to attack the school and she left the Manor as fast as she could. Lucius would no doubt be here and would have more than a few words to say about that in the process. She didn't care she had to find Harry and tell him about the potion she brewed.

The students were rounded up but left unharmed while the teachers were forced to turn in their wands or the children would suffer. Some students fought back but were disarmed. For some reason Dumbledore was nowhere to be seen.

The fight didn't last long. Only about twenty minutes at the most. The attack was well planned and timed as to make sure there would be as little damage as possible. Things grew quiet but she knew there would still be skirmishes about and had to make sure that she was not seen. At the moment she was on neither side as she could not fight for the dark side and was not trusted by the light.

In the corridors she saw Ron. "Ron! Watch out!" She aimed at a Death Eater and stunned him. Ron bound him and ran towards Hermione with his wand out. He hesitated before speaking to her. "This does not settle things. You went back to them so I can't trust you."

"I know Ron. You can't trust me. I can't even trust myself. All I did was survive to the best of my abilities and now I am suffering the consequences. I won't deny you your anger towards me but I am not going to apologize for my actions."

Ron was angry because he loved her so much. "I loved you. I would have done anything for you and you knew it."

"Hermione is now dead. She's gone Ron and the sooner you realize that the faster you can move on."

"Shut up!! I am not a child Hermione. Over the past year I have learned I am far more perceptive than you ever were. I can judge a persons character within seconds of meeting them. Perhaps in part because you were not there." With that he fired a curse at her that threw her against the wall. She was ready for the next curse and fired one at him. He dodged it and fired back at her.

They played this game for a few minutes until she had enough. "Stop it Ron!! Stop it!!"

"What side are you on?"

"My own, Ron. Everyone is on their own side but is unwilling to admit it. You would join the Dark Lord in an instant if it meant keeping the ones you love safe. I have met many Death Eaters Ron and they all have their own side. Many would love for the Dark Lord to fall so they can gain their freedom back but at the same time they side with him because he gives them a voice."

"Can you hear yourself? You say his name as one of his followers."

Hermione was growing tired of this. "He is not so distant to me now. No longer is he a man that I read about in the papers."

Ron nodded understanding what she was implying in her tender Hermione way. It bothered him that there was still part of her left. "You are on your own side but are no longer light." He backed away from her and apparated now that the wards were down.

She had to find Harry and warn him about the potion she had made. There was something he needed to know about it. She ran down corridors and made sure to keep herself hidden in case someone wanted to target her from either side. She was seen as a wild card and no one knew what side she fought for.

Near the Great Hall she spotted Harry who was in a rather fierce fight with Voldemort who simply shielded the curses fired at him in annoyance. "Come on Potter I was sure that you had more fight in you than that. Didn't that old fool teach you anything? Or did you truly believe that love will conquer me?"

"I am stronger than you think."

"Your fame got to your head. You never earned a thing. I could teach you. I will always make that offer to you."

Keeping his guard up and squared himself for another round of curses. "Why is that? All you had ever wanted to do was kill me. I'm not a dark wizard and you'll never turn me."

Voldemort held a well practiced pause and spoke. "I was wrong Harry. I was wrong in trying to kill you. Did you know that you may be the only one that can one day oppose me? You are indeed powerful but have you ever wondered how you could speak Parsletounge? Those are my powers Harry. We are connected and will fight or help each other till the day one of us dies. I can call you Harry since we are no longer strangers? Trying to kill one another tends to make things personal."

"Shut up! I am nothing like you. This connection we have is an unhappy bit of humor caused by your mistake." Harry was breathing hard and was loosing focus as his anger grew.

Voldemort spoke as if he never heard Harry speak. "I shouldn't have killed your parents for I was too hasty and arrogant and that caused my death. If I had known then what I know today I would have simply waited a few weeks for your mother was dying of cancer Harry."

Hermione saw the look on Harry's face and knew that he had lost this fight. He wasn't ready for the cutting words. "Shut up!!" He fired a curse without thinking and was shot square in the chest by Voldemort. Harry bent over, dropped his wand to hold his chest. It was a powerful freezing curse, painful but not fatal.

Voldemort stood over Harry and pocketed his wand. "This is a wonderful prize. You will join me eventually Harry. You are still a young and have not discovered your core magic as of yet. Few ever do."

Harry fell to his side and screamed. The curse was more painful than he had thought as the freezing spread to his limbs. He lay on the ground defenseless and shivering. He wasn't going to give up and glared at his enemy who only looked down at him with a winning smirk. Bastard.

"You can come out of hiding Hermione. I know you are there." Voldemort turned in Hermione's direction.

"What are you going to do to Harry?"

"I am looking forward to the potion you brewed. Such skill for a witch your age."

Harry looked up at her. "What did you do?"

"Harry I am so sorry. I wanted to tell you before—"

"But now it's too late. I have both of you now." Voldemort pinned her to him and ordered one of his Death Eaters to take Harry to Headquarters as planned.

"My Lord she is not yours. Through my self and Narsissa she is loyal to you." Lucius walked up with a wand in hand.

"I always get what I want and she'll be mine soon enough my servant."

"She is mine. I have served you well and you'll kill me to have her. I have done nothing but fight for the cause and will continue to do so until my very last breath." He held himself up proud of all his loyalty.

Voldemort let Hermione go and she backed away to allow the men to fight. And fight they will.

"Ah yes, the cause you put so much energy into. You were so willing to learn Lucius when I first met you and you went far beyond my expectations. Then you became comfortable and stopped. You waited for orders from me. Willing to obey and no longer bothered to think."

"I have always sacrificed—"

"Sacrifice does not mean progress. Like a muggle you became comfortable and struggled and sacrificed at one level, never progressing."

Lucius was becoming angry and a little fearful. His master was not harming him yet which only meant that he was to suffer later to a greater extent. "I don't understand."

“Look at the witch you bedded every night. She holds more power than you know and you used her as some toy or pet to cuddle and later beat. What did I always say to you? There is no good or evil, only power and those strong enough to take it. Mudblood, pureblood, halfblood. There is only power and now she is mine.”

“She. Is. Mine!”

Wands were raised and they started dueling. Voldemort was going to kill Lucius over her and she had to stop it. She ran out and got their attention. This only made things worse.

“Look at that, you can’t control her. I instructed you to keep her at the Manor.”

“I am no one’s! I never have been and I will always be myself! I am not some weak minded child that you can taunt and play with anymore. I am a grown witch in my own right and I demand respect for that. Lucius you are going to die today because you only saw me as some toy to be used and played with. Those games are tiresome and I am no longer going to play. Go on then Voldemort. Kill him. Shatter me and watch as I go insane.”

Hermione could feel the pain Lucius felt. Anger rose from him and he made to curse her but was defended by Voldemort.

“I agree with Hermione. Your games must end and mine shall begin.” He aimed at Lucius ready with the killing curse. Hermione distracted him saving Lucius and in turn Voldemort threw her to the wall.

In a dazed state she saw a true magical fight that she only read in books. While being surrounded by dark wizards for a long time she had never seen them truly fight. Lucius was tiring quickly while Voldemort seemed to be ready to continue with vengeance. Finally she heard a sickening thud and she knew the fight was over.

She ran to Lucius who was bleeding on the floor. “Don’t die! Don’t die on me!”

“Such strength for a mudblood. Until today I thought you a weak child. So much power in someone so young and it’s wasted on a mudblood.”

Tears she didn’t know she had for the man started to fall. “What will happen to me now? You never answered me before.”

“You’ll survive, like I have all these years. It will be harder for you. Two are gone instead of one. You’re too smart to be a regular witch. Dumbledore held you back. Curse that old fool Hermione. He did you a great injustice. I didn’t see it until you brewed that potion. You’ll give the Dark Lord a fight in the end and he’ll curse the day he crossed you. Though it may cost you your life.”

“Don’t talk like that. Hold on.”

It was too late. Lucius was gone and she felt it instantly. It was as if a part of her was tearing away and an emptiness filled her. She reached out to Narcissa who seemed to be fading as well. Both of them were leaving her. Hermione stood up wide eyed and screamed. Coldness was seeping into her and it was numbing her to her surroundings. She found she couldn’t focus on anything at one time. Fear penetrated her.

“NO!!”

Arms went around her pulling her close to a hard body. “Let me in Hermione. Focus on the link you have with me. It’s the only way.”

She struggled to get out of his grasp but found in her state that she was too weak to fight. The world around her was losing its footing. Part of her wanted to know more about what Lucius said. She was just finding her power and now this happens.

“Give in to me. I’ll hold your world together. Focus on our link.” He held her close, breathing into her ear.

The link was very weak but she held on with her life. She could feel his heart beating, how his robes felt against his skin and how the scent of her hair was affecting him. Then his emotions took a turn.

“My Lord, let Hermione go.” Snape stood within yards of the pair and was dead set on getting Hermione free of Voldemort.

“So you are the traitor. My most loyal of servants.”

Snape was ready with wand out to do damage and knew he would need all of his skills just to distract his former master. “You can’t have her. The boy is yours if you ever catch him again. Not her.”

“His is already captured, spending some quality time with the rats in my dungeon.”

Hermoine only caught part of the conversation but was still disturbed with that she heard. She was breaking from the link and she started to scream again. Voldemort was holding onto her with a vice grip knowing that Snape would take her away at the first chance he got.

“My Lord I must be the one to bond with her. If you do then she’ll end up weakening you if she were ever killed.”

It was true. He would be weakened but he would take precautions to make sure she never left his sight.

“Both of you.” Hermione whispered out and was loud enough for both to hear. “Both of you can have me. Just end this for me.” Desperation was filled her voice.

“Interesting proposition wouldn’t you say Severus? I’ll get to keep you in my service and I gain a wonderful asset.” Voldemort stroked her face. “Hurry and make your decision Severus. She doesn’t have much longer.”

He waited and Hermoine spoke. “Please Severus. I need your help for I can’t hold on much longer. Agree, I need you, I need one person I can trust.”

Snape faltered and agreed, never letting his wand drop an inch. “I agree.”

Voldemort nodded slowly lowering his wand. "We can't do this here. Apperate with me if you don't trust me to tell you the true location."

This would mean that he would be vulnerable to splicing if not done properly. He agreed and all three of them found themselves in Voldemort's bedroom. Each of them stood a moment and began to slowly make their way to the bed.

Voldemort placed Hermione on the bed removing her clothes. She was in a trance state as she was very nearly gone.

Hermione felt herself between the two men and felt their breath on her skin. Voldemort captured her mouth as Severus caressed her. She knew what would follow next. She gave in and allowed the build up to begin.

Voldemort and Snape spoke in unison with their wands and Hermione reached orgasm. "Together we bind her, together we'll share her. Once the union is made the binding will contain her."

Hermione fell unconscious between them with a smile on her face.

Snape could feel the connection between the other two and knew through Voldemort's emotions that he had just lost everything. Voldemort was overjoyed. He looked down if that was truly Hermione's smile or Voldemort's influence.

"Welcome back again my servant. Now that you are bound to me you will never leave my side. I forbid it." Within moments Voldemort was fully dressed again and apperated.

Snape held Hermione close. He wanted to let her know that he cared for her and would do anything for her. That she could indeed trust him.

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Death of Narcissa

An unpleasant feeling grew in the pit of her stomach. She knew that Draco was coming home and would not be harmed in the battle. She

insisted that he would be brought home for this. There was something else that unsettled her. Things were not going well. She saw Hermione run off the property and apparate away. A house elf spoke of Hermione leaving and she told the house elf to leave it alone and go clean something.

As she walked through the house she entered her husband's study. Normally she didn't bother with Lucius's business but something odd caught her notice. The folder containing Hermione's notes were still on the desk and unread. It was skillfully written in detail that would impress the most studious of potions masters. Potions was one of her strongest subjects at Hogwarts and she knows a good potions brewer when she saw one. At the bottom of the last page she wrote what she had planned and Narcissa laughed.

"Clever little bitch. The Dark Lord will be furious with you. Too bad I won't be around to see it when he punishes you." She pulled the page from the folder and set it on fire. "At least the Dark Lord will have one surprise coming his way as well as Potter." She laughed again at her little trick.

Once the page was reduced to ashes she felt a snap within her. She was shattering and felt her husband die. She quickly reached down and pulled up a vial out of her pockets and drank the contents down. A sickly orange haze surrounded her then within seconds she was dead.

Little did she realize that she had an audience watch her. Draco stood in the doorway with a note in his hand written to him by his father. He always knew that his parents carried fast acting poison on them in case the other had died. He was alone now with no protection or guidance that he was familiar with. He fell down against the door jamb and for the first time he screamed.

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Well this is end of this story but it will continue into another story. I do apologize for such an abrupt ending but I could no longer drag the story out. Please review. I hope to post the next story by next week.